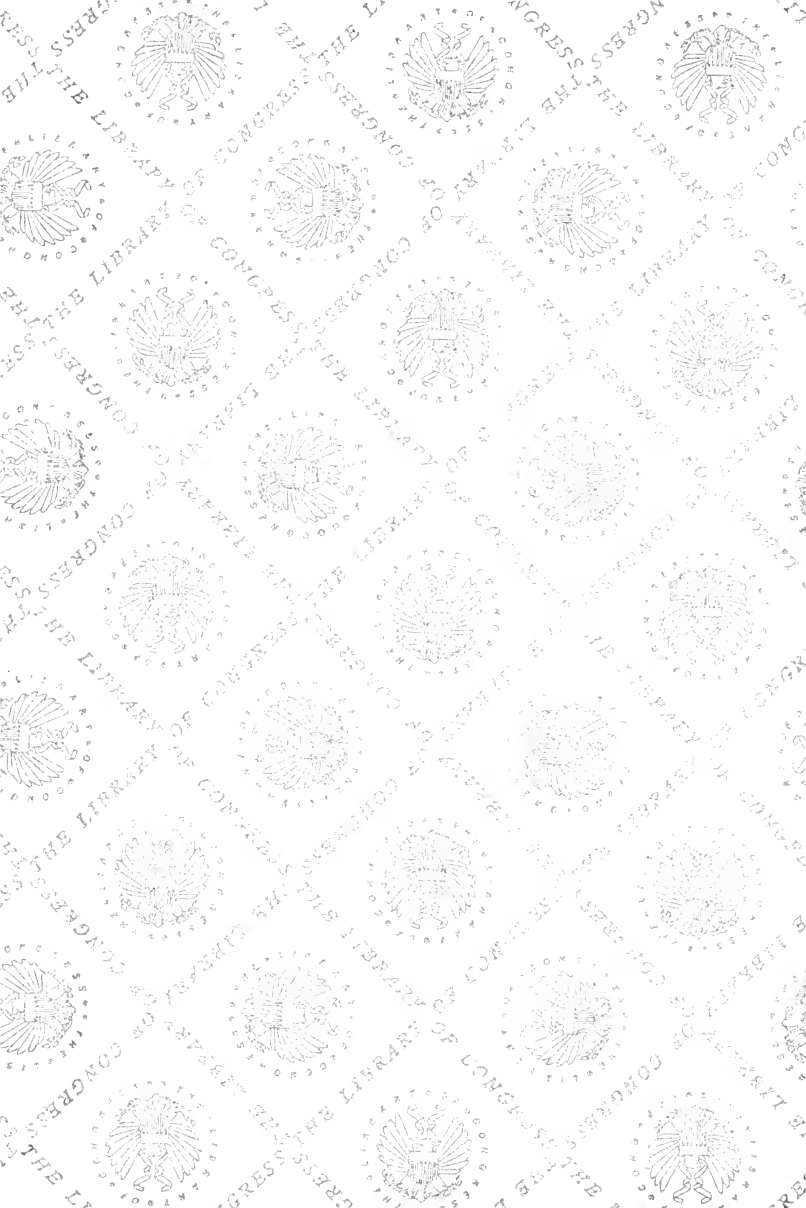
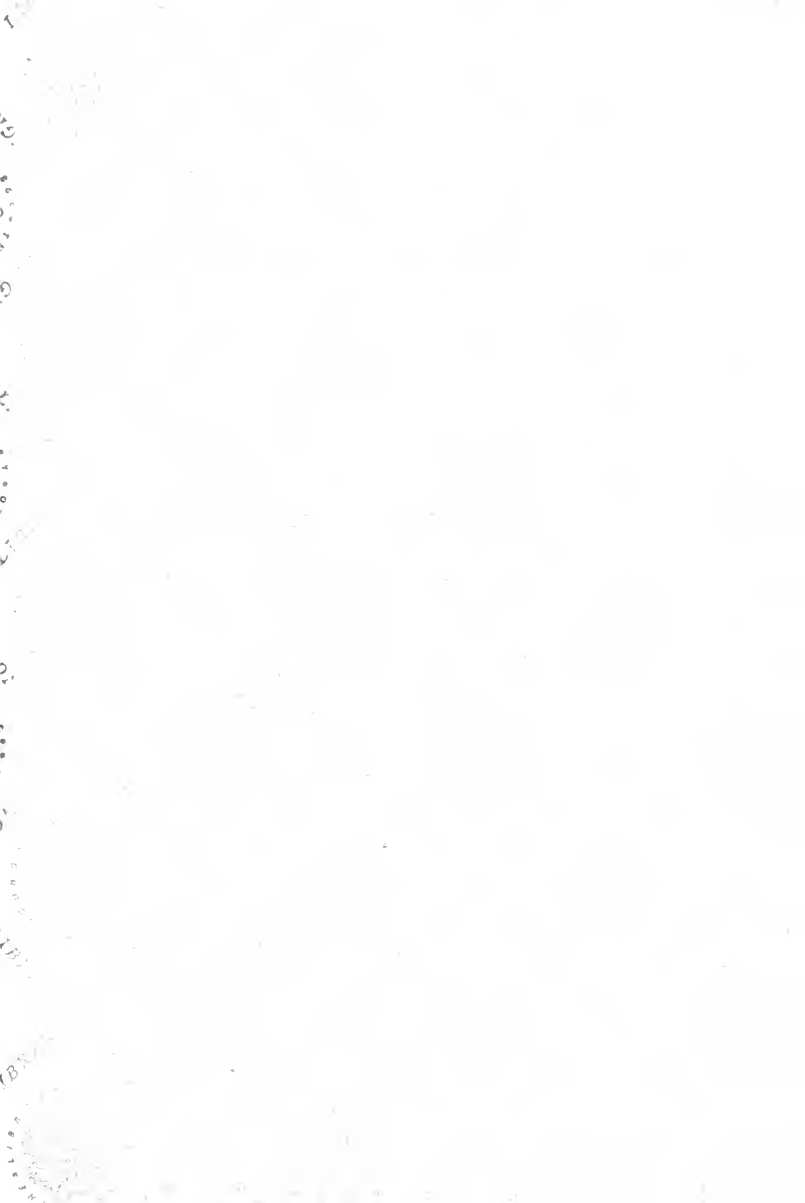


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10802
HOMES

ON THE

MIDLAND

for

**NEW YORK
BUSINESS MEN.**

10822
NEW YORK:

1872.


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NEW YORK AND OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILWAY

THE MOST CONVENIENT AND DESIRABLE ROUTE

FROM OR TO

*Hackensack, Paterson, Passaic Falls,
Pompton, Greenwood Lake, Franklin, Deckertown,
Unionville, Middletown, Ellenville, Monticello and Liberty.*

 The only Line from New York to Ellenville, and all points in Ulster and Sullivan Counties WITHOUT CHANGE.

 The only Line connecting at Paterson with horse cars to Passaic Falls.

 The only Line to Hackensack & Middletown which avoids Bergen Tunnel.

Fares and Commutation Rates from New York.

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE).

STATIONS.	Local.	Ex- cursion.	Y'rly com. Rate.	STATIONS.	Local.	Ex- cursion.	Y'rly com. Rate.
New Durham.....	15	...	60.00	Martins.....	1.75
Ridgefield Park.....	30	55	63.00	Deckertown.....	1.75	2.60	154.00
Bogota.....	40	55	63.00	Wantage.....	1.80
Hackensack.....	40	65	63.50	Quarry Ville.....	1.85
Maywood.....	45	65	63.50	Van Sickles.....	1.90
Lodi.....	50	70	64.00	Unionville.....	1.95	2.70	157.00
Dundee Lake.....	55	70	64.25	West Town.....	2.05	2.75	...
Paterson.....	55	75	65.00	Johnsons.....	2.05	2.75	...
Riverside.....	60	80	66.25	Slate Hill.....	2.05	2.75	...
Hawthorne.....	60	85	67.50	Middletown.....	2.05	2.75	160.00
Van Winkles.....	65	90	68.50	Sands.....	2.11
Midland Park.....	70	90	69.00	Fair Oaks.....	2.20
Wortendyke.....	75	95	71.00	Purdys.....	2.23
Wyckoff.....	85	1.00	72.25	Lockwood's.....	2.26
Campgaw.....	90	1.10	76.00	Winterton.....	2.29
Crystal Lake.....	95	1.15	78.50	Bloomington.....	2.38	3.41	...
Oakland.....	1.00	1.25	81.50	Wurtsboro.....	2.41	3.47	...
Pompton.....	1.05	1.35	83.25	Summitville.....	2.53
Bloomington.....	1.15	1.45	90.75	Sandburgh.....	2.77
West Bloomington.....	1.20	1.50	95.00	Centerville.....	2.86	4.37	...
Smiths Mills.....	1.25	1.60	98.50	Fallsburgh.....	2.98	4.61	...
Charlotteburgh.....	1.35	1.75	104.50	Hurley.....	3.07
New Foundland.....	1.45	1.85	109.25	Liberty Falls.....	3.22	5.00	...
Oak Ridge.....	1.50	1.95	118.75	Phillipsport.....	2.56
Stockholm.....	1.50	2.05	123.90	Homowack.....	2.62
Snufftown.....	1.55	2.15	128.75	Ellenville.....	2.77	4.00	...
Ogdensburg.....	1.60	2.30	131.25	Circleville.....	2.25
Franklin.....	1.65	2.40	133.00	Bullville.....	2.35
Hamburgh.....	1.70	2.50	150.00	Thompson Ridge.....	2.45
Lawrence.....	1.70	Pine Bush.....	2.55	3.75	...

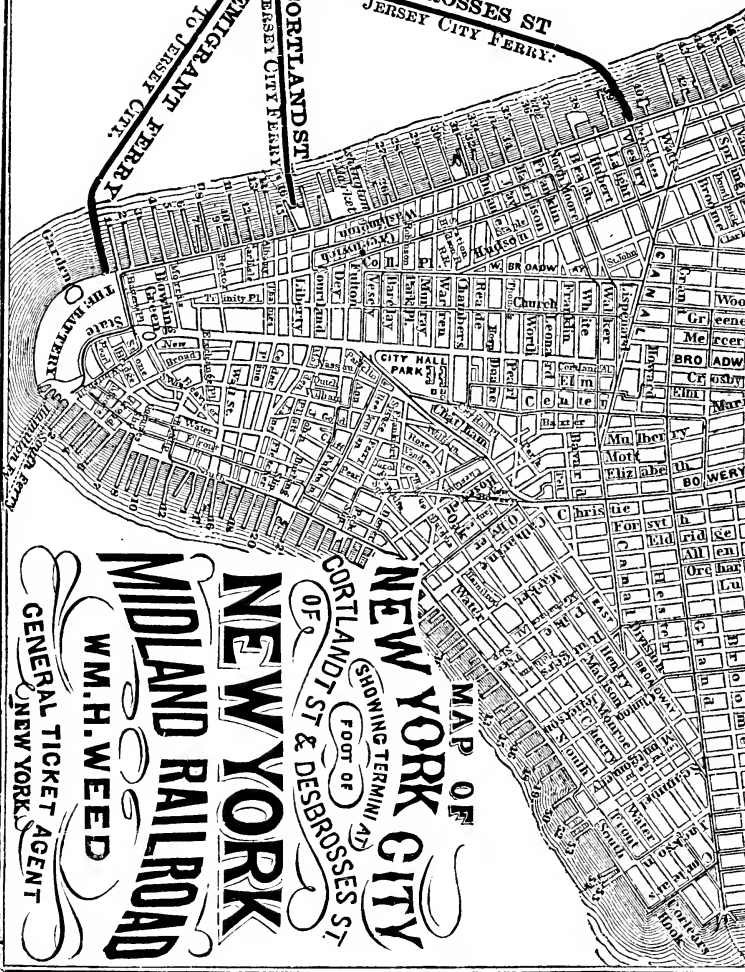
WM. H. WEED, General Ticket Agent.

JERSEY CITY

NORTH RIVER

DESBROSSES ST
AND
JERSEY CITY FERRY

CORTLAND ST
AND
JERSEY CITY FERRY
TO JERSEY CITY
EMIGRANT FERRY



MAP OF
NEW YORK CITY

SHOWING TERMINAL
FOOT OF
CORTLAND ST & DESBROSSES ST

NEW YORK

MIDLAND RAILROAD

WM. H. WEED

GENERAL TICKET AGENT
NEW YORK





HOMES ON THE MIDLAND

FOR

NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE REGION TRAVERSED BY THE NEW JERSEY DIVISION OF THE

New York Midland Railway,

BETWEEN

NEW YORK CITY AND ELLENVILLE, ULSTER CO., N. Y.

TOGETHER WITH A STATEMENT OF THE INDUCEMENTS OFFERED CON-
JOINTLY BY THE RAILWAY COMPANY AND PROPERTY OWNERS
ALONG THE LINE TO THOSE DESIROUS OF SECURING

A HOME OUTSIDE OF THE CITY.

“Oh, for some spot to call our own
Some humble roof—however lowly—
Where we can say this place is holy,
Because 'tis home—ours—ours alone—
From roof-tree to foundation stone.”

JERE JOHNSON.

— BY —

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

New York:

J. W. PRATT, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 75 FULTON STREET.

1872.

INTRODUCTION.

The recent completion of the New Jersey Division of the New York Midland Railway, bringing within easy distance of the Metropolis many thriving towns and villages, hitherto comparatively remote, and rendering eligible, as convenient places of residence for New York business men, numerous picturesque and healthful localities, previously accessible only by stage or wagon, has made desirable the publication of a work of this character, with a view to placing before the thousands of tired city toilers, a clear, plain statement of the facilities and advantages offered to purchasers of homes in the fertile and rapidly growing region thus newly opened to direct railway communication. The careful reader will especially remark in his imaginary journey over the line, the tendency to a rapid yet healthful development in most of the places treated of. With the railroad has come an infusion of new enterprises, new projects, new life. Manufactories, churches, school-houses, hotels, and scores of tasteful residences are springing up; new settlements are cleared, surveyed, graded and put upon the market, only to find ready buyers; travel steadily increases, and lo! we have another great outlet from the dust, and brick and stone of the crowded city to the green fields and pure air of the suburbs.

G. L. C.

Sept., 1872.

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HOMES ON THE MIDLAND

FOR

NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.



New York is fast becoming a city of stores, factories and warehouses. People may talk as they will, may point to the long squares of brown stone residences going up every year in the up-town streets, may dilate upon the conveniences and comforts attendant upon city-life, may, in short, bring up all the trite arguments in favor of living in town, yet they cannot close their eyes to the inexorable fact that business is spreading out its hundred hands wider and wider every year, ruthlessly seizing their granite residences and converting them into retail dry goods or millinery stores, opening hotels and theaters in the thoroughfares once deemed secure from such invasion, crowding out quiet families to make way for horrid boarding houses, and every day advancing by slow but sure approaches to invest the whole of Manhattan Island with the characteristics of one vast bazaar.

Why! not over twenty years ago, De Pau Row on Bleecker St., or those respectable looking residences on East Broadway were deemed select places of residence, yet they became uninhabitable because of the surroundings; then there was Clinton Place, and the region about Washington Square. A person wanted no choicer location for a dwelling place than in either one of these; yet, on came trade and then Four-

teenth St., with its brown stone fronts was considered quite high enough up town for fashionable people ; but it was of no avail. Fourteenth Street, now full of stores, is given over to King Commerce, and the region of select residences having been successively transplanted from around Union and Madison Squares, has at present come to be away up in the vicinity of Central Park, its last ditch, whence it is safe to say, in not many years it will be driven at the point of the bayonet by advancing hordes of manufacturers and tradesmen.

Where then, you ask, are all these people to live ? They must have homes, whither at the end of their daily dabbling in stocks or silks, or fumbling of ledgers, they may repair to eat, to rest, to sleep. It isn't agreeable to eat, sleep and work in one and the same room. None but the most poverty stricken have to do that, and even they need not, if they will go into the country. A man who works for eight or ten hours out of twenty-four, must have a change of scene when his work is over, if he would refresh his mind, and continue his labors satisfactorily the next day. So, where, you ask again, are all these city workers to go when their daily toil is ended ? Why, we answer, to the country. And, first here it may be said, there is probably no large city in the world so advantageously located as is New York for affording its citizens easy egress to the country about it ; nor is there any city which has about it more charming or healthful rural resorts. Tourists invariably view with exclamations of delight the wooded villa-lined shores of the Hudson, and the peaceful, prosperous landscapes of neighboring New Jersey. Whither, more enjoyably or more conveniently can a man at the close of his days labor, turn his steps homeward than to one of the quiet hamlets over the river, within from half an hour to an hour's ride of his place of business—a ride not as

in the city, in slow crowded horse cars or stages, but in swift spacious ferry boats, and roomy, elegant coaches, whisking him homeward past an everchanging panorama of natural beauties, and setting him down at his own door, fully as soon as if he lived at Fiftieth Street, or over in Brooklyn.

That this is no over wrought picture, figures, the most incontrovertible argument in the world, prove. Fifteen years ago there were comparatively few people who had the hardihood to make a daily journey back and forth between the adjacent New Jersey villages and their business in New York. Such people were the exception then. Now, ten chances to one, if you ask a business man where he lives, his answer will be "over in New Jersey." And the tendency thither is annually growing with a wondrous growth. Stand at any one of the North River down town ferry landings on any week-day morning, between the hours of seven and nine, and see the thousands of people pouring into the city to their work if you would gain any idea of the immense extent of travel of this kind. But figures will tersely show it still more plainly when we repeat a statement, made some time ago by the *New York Herald*, that *over twenty seven per cent.*, or nearly one third of the inhabitants of Metropolitan New York, reside in New Jersey, and in the New York counties of Rockland and Orange beyond it.

There are many evident reasons for this constantly increasing preference among business men for country homes. In the first place, they look at it on the ground of

ECONOMY.

Take for instance a man with a small family and a moderate income, say two thousand dollars a year. He certainly cannot buy a house in town. There remains for him the alternative of renting a house, or going to board. In either case,

he will more probably *go by the board*. House rents in the city are at an enormous figure. A thousand or twelve hundred dollars will barely suffice to pay rent for any sort of habitable abode, and our imaginary paterfamilias finds himself with a pitifully short purse left to supply the inevitable demands of the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the tailor, the dressmaker, and—the doctor. He must drudge and drudge, month in and month out, with the moral certainty, unless he be a Wilkins Micawber, that there won't be a cent left on hand at the end of the year. Then, perhaps comes the landlord with the pleasing intelligence that the rent will be increased for the coming year. Our poor fellow must needs look up another house, and so, from year to year, he worries along, his children and wife, forming no established home associations, himself feeling no more interested in his temporary domicil, than the belated wayfarer does in the tavern in which he has sought an over-night shelter.

But now, on the other hand, see what his two thousand dollars a year *might* be doing for him. Somebody tells him of a little book called "Homes on the Midland," and he procures a copy. He sees that for fifty dollars or less per annum he can buy a commutation ticket to some one of the beautiful New Jersey villages of which he has heard and read so often. But this is not all; he finds that for four or five hundred dollars he can rent at any of those points a house fully as large as the one for which he now pays twice that sum, or, better still, if he wants to purchase a home for himself, he can do so for two or three thousand dollars, paying down a trifling sum to begin with, and letting the rent money apply in payment until the whole price is paid. "There," he exclaims, "why should we stay in town with such an offer as that?" and the next year finds him clear of city landlords, living in a neat cottage of his own, cultivating a garden,

keeping chickens, and perhaps a cow; his family happy and healthy, and himself, doing what he has never been able to do before, *saving money*.

This has been the experience of hundreds of young men, since the facilities for steamboat and railway communication threw open as places of residence the locations mentioned, and many of our thriving well-to-do citizens date their prosperity from the time when they first exchanged a city for a country home. But economy is by no means the only inducement which the exchange offers. We may also look at it in the matter of

HEALTH.

To many indeed this view of the subject would be the first consideration. The man who has to fight the wolf outside his door, and sickness and disease within, stands but a poor chance of making any headway. While it is impossible to state the precise comparative ratio of mortality in the city of New York to that in the adjacent country districts, the fact is patent that all causes combine to render the latter locality far preferable in a sanitary point of view.

There are no gutters exhaling poisonous miasmas, no streets reeking with garbage, no badly conducted markets with their decaying vegetable matter diffusing sickness and death upon the air, no watered milk, no tainted meat, no impure croton, none of the thousand and one frauds and adulterations which, the physicians tell us, annually carry off so many little ones in the metropolis. No, not one of these, but in their stead, a pure, Heaven-sent atmosphere, fresh from the woods and meadows, laden with fragrant odors, and bringing new vigor and hope to all who inhale it; clear sparkling water, fresh fruits and vegetables, rich milk, new laid eggs, rosy cheeks, a hearty appetite, and no doctors bills to pay. That's the balance sheet in the account of City with

Country on the score of health, and it rests with the reader to say to the credit of which one of the two the balance rests.

Then again, let the thoughtful reader consider this matter simply as a question of

PERSONAL COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.

Vis inertiae is a powerful agency not alone in inanimate matter. Men too are badly afflicted with it. The tendency to go on as one has been going, just simply because one don't want to change, has kept no end of men poor uncomfortable drudges all their lives, when they might, if they could only have overcome a notion, for it was probably nothing more than that, have died millionaires. Ask any one of the thousand and weary looking clerks whom you may find riding up in a Third, or a Fourth, or an Eighth Avenue Car on a hot August afternoon, clinging on to the straps or the platform, the most complete possible pictures of discomfort, ask any one of these poor fellows (for they are in verity to be pitied) why he daily puts himself through such a series of annoyances, and he will stupidly say it can't be helped. He submits, as a sort of necessity, supposing there is nothing better, because he at least has never known it. He will tell you that he lives up at Sixtieth Street, say, and that he generally has to stand up both ways, the car is so full. The ride takes him an hour each way, too. An hour ! why bless my stars, an hour would take you to Paterson, give you a cool ride across the North River and a luxurious seat in one of the handsomest passenger coaches you ever saw. You don't have to stand up or have people's elbows and coat tails knocking your eyes out, as in the street cars ; nobody can crowd you up or down. No sir, here is your seat, and a comfortable one, in which you can read your paper, smoke your cigar, chat or snooze, or admire the really beautiful scenery, and get home just as soon as you would at Sixtieth Street.

Really, reader, there seems to be no need of arguing this subject any further. All the argument seems to tend to establish beyond a peradventure—1st, that New York business men should reside out of town; 2d, that New Jersey is the place for them, and 3d—well, we shall come to that in a moment—for just here, it is only fair to hear what the other side has to advance in opposition to our advice to come out into the country. They will tell you that they don't like crossing the rivers. Pshaw, can you point to a single ferry boat disaster on the North River? Not, if we remember rightly. Then they say, we can't get along without the Croton and gas. But that won't do; you can have water and gas in your house in Hackensack, Paterson or Middletown, just as well as you can in Gotham. As for the smaller towns those who go there, go with the expectation of giving up a few city conveniences to gain other advantages not to be had in town. Then, says the lover of city life, "I can't go out at nights, if I live in the country." Let him tell his wife that, and see what *she* says—she will tell him just what we do, that his place is at home in the evenings. And, says he, how about going to the theaters? Well that's an easy enough matter, replies the ruralist, we have a midnight train daily to Paterson from New York.

So after all, the sensible man of moderate means, who consults Economy, Health and his own Personal Comfort will find if he look the matter fully and fairly in the face, in other words takes Taurus by the horns, very few, if any valid reasons why he should keep on paying high rents and doctor's bills in town, when he can save money, years and comfort by purchasing a HOME ON THE MIDLAND.

So, resuming consideration of our several conclusions, the first of which was, that it is best to reside out of town, the second that New Jersey is the region in which to choose

that residence, we come finally to the third and fully equally important one, namely, the superior inducements that are offered to commuters and settlers along its line by the Midland Railway Company. These may be classified thus—

Convenient Depots.—The passenger has the advantage of either the Cortlandt or Desbrosses Street depot in leaving or arriving in the city. Thus the business man is brought at the former within a square or two of the financial and mercantile part of the city, while up town passengers find regular communication by street cars from the latter depot, with Broadway and the upper portion of the city. The depots are admirably arranged and conducted for the comfort of the traveler. Through them daily passes the great tide which surges back and forth between the Metropolis and Philadelphia, Baltimore and the National Capital, and the immense local travel to and from the thriving towns and cities along the line of the New Jersey Railway. To this throng the Midland now daily adds her quota of commuters, eager to reach the city in the morning, and oh, “so glad” to leave it again at night.

Frequent and Rapid Communication.—The swift fleet ferry boats which connect the two New York Depots with that at Jersey City, run every three minutes in both directions, and are roomy, neat and well managed in all their appointments. From the Jersey City Depot, eight trains are now run daily over the Midland, departing at hours best suited to the convenience of men doing business in the city, and residing along the line. These trains are run through on time, with systematic precision to their respective destination. Passengers seem especially gratified by the consciousness that there is

No Bergen Tunnel to be passed—No delay of five or ten minutes until the preceding train shall have emerged, no

bother of slamming down windows, and sweltering (if it be summer time) in the dark noisome air for five minutes more; none of the anxiety and uneasiness which unavoidably accompany every timid person during a ride of a mile or so, so far in the bowels of the earth. The Midland Cars avoid this by passing out through Bergen cut, and thence by a gentle descent along the western slope of the hill, regaining the level of the meadows beyond.

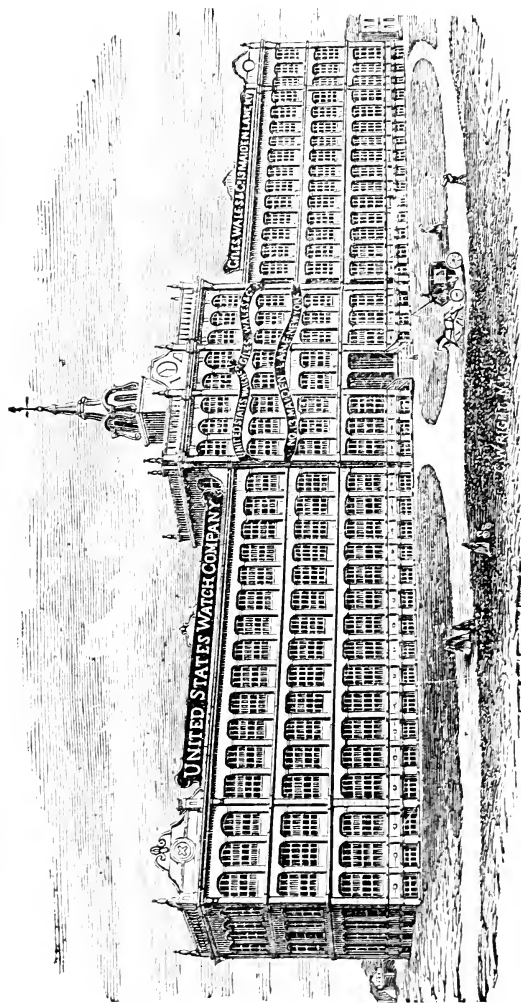
Luxurious Coaches.—The passenger coaches of the Midland combine every modern improvement in upholstery and car-building, and are models of comfort and elegance.

Cheap Commutation Rates.—No Railway Company offers to its patrons commutation tickets for a year, or even a less period, at such reasonable rates (unless it be the Erie Co.) as does the Midland. This fact alone will in a year or two tell wonderfully upon the travel, and local improvements along the line. The short sighted policy of charging residents high railroad fares, and ultimately driving them away to settle where they can find cheaper, finds no favor among the Midland people. Their plan is to identify the interests of purchasers and settlers with their own, and to so co-operate with them as to mutually benefit both. With such a spirit as this to guide, it is not difficult to foresee the time when the whole of the beautiful region adjacent to the Eastern end of the line will be dotted with smiling villas, and bloom and blossom like the rose.

But probably the reader can obtain no more practical or satisfactory exemplification of the real attractiveness of the region traversed by the Midland, than by taking an imaginary trip over the line. The attentive traveler will find it rich in natural beauties, overflowing with resources, teeming with industries, and inhabited by an intelligent, thrifty and hospi-

table people and finding all this will rejoice, and with reason, that railroad enterprise has brought such a garden spot to the very doorstep of the Metropolis. But not to anticipate the narration let us start at once. We can cross over from either Cortlandt or Desbrosses Street, and take the cars at the Jersey City Depot. "All aboard," cries the conductor, the bell rings, the engine "toot toots," and the train whizzes away, past stores, past tenements, past glimpses of long shaded streets, past factories and warehouses and vacant lots, to Bergen Cut. There is no tedious stop here—no dark dingy tunnel to be passed through. On the one hand approaching the cut, one obtains a glorious view of the Bay, Staten Island and the distant Atlantic, on the other, the long stretch of Bergen Heights, fringed with villas, and close by the great stone quarry, whence are obtained annually thousands of tons of square block pavement. Scarcely has the vision of these scenes died out upon the retina before, emerging from the cut, the train dashes past, and in view of the United States Watch Company's works at Marion, a beehive of human industry, a visit to which will not only afford the intelligent observer a rare insight into all the beauties of delicate mechanism and ingenuity, but will, if he be an American, flatter his sense of National pride by the evidences of system and enterprise and inventive skill which it displays. Probably nowhere could an hour or two be more delightfully passed by one possessing cultivated tastes and an appreciation of the scientific arts, than in following step by step the process by which crude pieces of steel and copper and brass are by busy hands transformed into time-pieces, whose accuracy and beauty of finish have won for them repeated premiums, and made them justly popular and famous the world over. (See advertisement.) It is impossible here to explain the numerous interesting and varied processes of the

WORKS OF THE UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY,



GILES, WALES & CO.,

253 Feet front. Iron and Glass.

MARION, NEW JERSEY.

UNITED STATES WATCH CO.

TESTIMONIALS.

Watch No. 1124, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark “Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.”—manufactured by the UNITED STATES WATCH Co., has been carried by me seven months; its total variation from mean time being only six seconds.

A. L. DENNIS, Prest. N. J. R. R. & T. Co.

Watch No. 1037, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark “Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.”—manufactured by UNITED STATES WATCH Co., has been carried by me since June, 1867; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds per month.

HENRY SMITH,

Treas. Panama R. R. Co., 88 Wall St., N.Y.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 14. 1870.

Watch No. 2017—bearing Trade Mark “Fayette Stratton, Marion, N. J.”—manufactured by UNITED STATES WATCH Co., has been carried by me twelve months; its total variation from mean time being fifteen seconds.

I. VROOMAN,

Engineer N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

UTICA, N. Y., February 15. 1870.

Watch No. 1058, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark “Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.”—manufactured by UNITED STATES WATCH Co., has been carried by me twenty months; its total variation from mean time being five seconds per month.

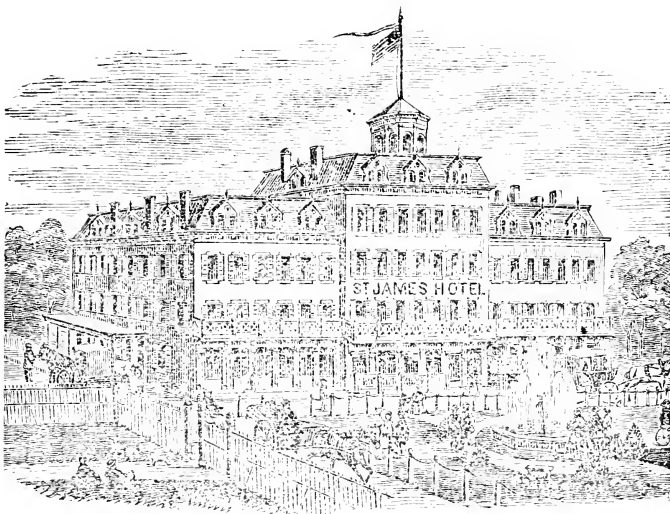
Z. C. PRIEST,

Ass't Sup't N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

Watch No. 1143, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark “Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.”—manufactured by UNITED STATES WATCH Co., has been carried by me eight months; its total variation from mean time being five seconds per month.

JAMES B. RYER,

Of KELTY & Co., 447 Broadway, N. Y. City.



ST. JAMES' HOTEL, MARION, N. J.

FIRST-CLASS SUMMER BOARD AT MODERATE PRICES.

CITY AND COUNTRY COMBINED.

More conven'ent and accessible to lower part of the City than 14th St., and
Conveyances much more Comfortable.
Only EIGHT minutes from JERSEY CITY FERRY (Cortlandt or Des-
brosses Sts.); 29 Trains daily N. J. R. R.; also Three Lines Horse Cars.

HOTEL AND FURNITURE NEW.

SPLENDID LOCATION. Fronting on DE MOTT PARK.

FIRST-CLASS TABLE.

Elegantly Furnished Rooms, en suite or singly; all Modern Improvements,
Gas, Baths, Hot and Cold Water, &c.
Permanent Board, \$4.00 to \$20.00 per week, according to Rooms;
Transient Guests, \$3.50 per day,

punching room ; the forwarding room, where the plates and pinions are prepared and the microscopic screws made ; the train room, where the chronometer balances, and the wheels and pinions are finished, the inside of the watch made, and the rough garnets cut into jewels ; the escapement room, where all the finished parts are finally put together into one symmetrical whole ; the motion, jewelers and dial room ; the gilding room, and the hair spring room ; for in each there is much to be seen that would justify pages of description. Suffice it to say that, in all the departments, the order and precision and nicety, themselves so essential to a perfect watch, are everywhere visible. The grounds about the works are tastefully laid out as a garden, and beyond them, a tract of one hundred acres, stretching away to the banks of the Hackensack River, has, under the fortunate ownership of the Company, been converted into one of the most charming of parks, facing which, and at a point commanding a delightful view of the surrounding country, stands the stately St. James' Hotel, (see cut and advertisement) also erected by the Company, and annually a favorite resort of a refined and select circle of guests. But, as in passing we catch a glimpse of this attractive spot, the train suddenly switches off to the northward, skirts the western slope of the Bergen Hill, passing gardens and villas, and half opened streets, crosses successively the tracks of the Morris and Essex and the Erie Railways, (at which latter point immense abutments have been constructed in order to so raise the grade as to obviate the necessity of coming to a stop before crossing), and then with a shriek, and a roar, and a whistle, rushes along up the Jersey meadow land, like a loosened charger eager for the goal. Here the track lies side by side, parallel for a distance of about four miles (to New Durham) with that of the Northern Railroad of New Jersey. Upon the

right hand side, the passenger looks out upon the western slope of the palisades, most of it under cultivation, and enlivened at short intervals by thriving settlements; upon the left on the Jersey meadows, a vast sea of green, made beautiful, if it be summer, by innumerable clusters of brilliant wild flowers, dotted here and there by the snowy sails of vessels, themselves rendered invisible by the dense growth of grass, relieved here and there by ridges of uncultivated land surmounted by cosy homesteads, and bounded in the distance by the blue hills of Bergen County. This is the first scene in the panorama, and he must be stolid indeed who can view it for the first time without an exclamation of delight.

In a few moments, (for four miles are quickly passed on the level meadows) the whistle blows and the train stops at

NEW DURHAM,

(6½ miles; 26 min. 6 trains each way daily.)

A village situated on the hill side and possessing importance as a place in which market gardening is carried on to a considerable extent. Land here is very fertile and commands from two to four hundred dollars per lot. The residents find in their increased railroad facilities, consequent upon the advent of the Midland, and in the more convenient communication with Cortlandt Street and Fulton market, thereby afforded abundant reason for prophesying a steady local growth and an increase of travel over the new line from this point. Thus far we have been running almost due north, but beyond New Durham, the line trends off to the westward, still keeping the level of the meadows, and affording on the right hand side, a view of English Neighborhood (or Fair View) and Englewood in the distance, making up a bit of landscape scenery, in which groves, a church spire or two, numerous villas and a long stretch of cultivated upland com-

bine to attract and charm the observer's attention. Now, with a clear straight track stretching far ahead into the distance, the train rushes onward at a rapid pace, stops a moment at the drawbridge at English Creek, a navigable stream by which Englewood enjoys communication by water with the city, then hurries on again, reaches and skirts the shores of the Hackensack, lined with ice houses and brick yards, and mills and factories, and in a few moments more comes to a stop under some grand old trees at the newly erected depot at

RIDGEFIELD PARK.

(11 miles ; 33 minutes. 6 trains each way daily.)

One cannot but be forcibly impressed with the natural beauties of this locality. In front, the silent, placid river winds its way through the meadows, its shores lined at frequent intervals with shops, and factories, and brick yards, and numberless other evidences of industry, with here and there a decaying, worm-eaten wharf, telling that this is no newly settled vicinage. Sloops and schooners, some at anchor, some dismantled, some even crumbling to pieces are to be seen here and there upon the stream, or half hidden in the sedgy creeks or bayous about it. At intervals, a bridge crosses the river, and beyond the distant sea of green, an occasional tuft of trees or a knoll rises against the sky, to give variety to a scene which in its natural characteristics is strangely like the lowlands of Louisiana, or in its artificial ones like the Netherlands. Seen at sunset from the high ground overlooking the depot, the view is so peaceful and comforting that the thoughtful observer finds himself for the moment permitted to forget the toil and care of daily life.

Nor is the view riverward from Ridgefield Park its only claim for attention. To the rear the country stretches away

in fertile undulating farm lands, interspersed with fine groves, and traversed by occasional streams, making up a landscape intrinsically valuable as the site for a future town. Before the completion of the Midland, residents of this vicinity were obliged to drive three miles to Hackensack, or four to Englewood, in order to get the cars for the city, and then ride for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour at that. Now, the iron horse brings its coaches to their very doors, and takes them to Cortlandt street in thirty-five minutes.

But, aside from its own attractiveness, Ridgefield Park acquires an additional importance as giving a name to the Ridgefield Park Railway, which, diverging northward, a few hundred yards beyond the depot, traverses Bergen County, parallel to and at an average distance of a mile and a half from the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, and passes through the thickly populated region hitherto tributary to that line only, including Cedar Lake, Schraalenburg, Tappan, Clarksville and Rockland Lake. At Tappan, on the New York State line, twelve miles distant, the line becomes the Rockland Central, passing through Haverstraw, with Fort Montgomery on the Hudson, twenty miles distant, as its objective point, whence it will ultimately be prolonged to connect at Newburgh with what is known as Ramsay's Railroad, to connect that city with Albany.

The total length of the projected line will be about forty-three miles, eleven of which will be used in common with the Midland between Jersey City and Ridgefield Park. Thence to Tappan, stations are to be established at intervals of about one mile. One German settlement, christened Frankfort-on-the-Hackensack, has even now attained a promising growth. The roadway has already been graded, and is ready for the rails, and the projectors expect to have trains running to Haverstraw during the present year (1872). As affording a

direct access to Rockland Lake and the many desirable summer resorts in that county, as also redoubling and increasing the railroad facilities of adjacent residents, the Ridgefield Park Railway promises to prove a popular and convenient thoroughfare.

BOGOTA.

(13 miles; 43 minutes. 4 trains each way daily.)

Is situated two miles further up the Hackensack River, at the eastern end of the railway bridge on which we cross. Whether its name is intended as a souvenir of the Colombian capital,* or as a delicate compliment to the good old Bogart family, who have dwelt hereabout since time immemorial, the reader is left to imagine. Certain it is, however, that as New York has its Brooklyn, Philadelphia its Camden, Cincinnati its Covington, and New Orleans its Algiers, so Hackensack has its transfluvial Bogota, which, if not yet blessed with the doubtful advantages of Mayor, Aldermen, and a Ring, has yet a bran new neat station house, or depot rather, and a pretty little grove for pic-nic parties, and promises, with the annual advent of new settlers, to claim its full share of growth and popularity as a desirable point for a HOME ON THE MIDLAND.

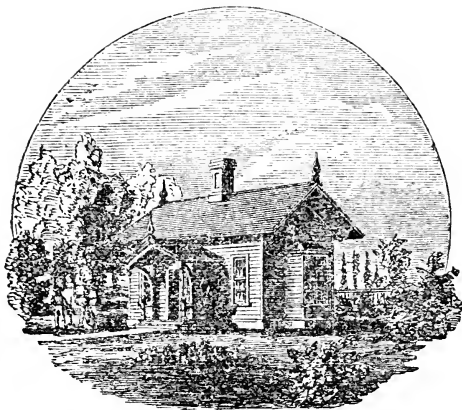
Now, crossing the substantial bridge spanning the river, we find ourselves at the depot in the very centre of the thrifty and growing burgh known since time immemorial as

HACKENSACK.

(13½ miles; 45 minutes. 8 trains each way daily.)

Hackensack had a name and a place in American history long before its odd eccentric sounding title figured as to-day on the list of New York suburban railway stations.

* It is actually claimed by residents of Hackensack that the South American City referred to derives its name from a Bogart, a skilled mechanic, who in early days emigrated thither, and won a leading position in public affairs.



Cottage to Cost \$1,200.

Furnished by GEO. E. WOODWARD, Architect, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

This ground over which we are to-day so rapidly hurried by the power of steam, was in revolutionary days trodden and retrodden by the weary feet of patriots and the invading foe. The whole of this region of Northern New Jersey teems with historic reminiscences which would require, and in fact have occupied, volumes in their reproduction. While such consequently would be impracticable here, it will yet afford the reader a very fair idea of the scenes enacted about Hackensack during "the days that tried men's souls," if we introduce the following account of the military operations in that place, as related by an eye witness, to the author of Barber's "New Jersey Historical Collections."

"After the evacuation of Fort Lee, in Nov., 1776, and the surrender of Fort Washington to the British, Washington, at the head of his army, consisting only of about 3000 men, having sent on his baggage to Acquackanonck (now Passaic) crossed the New Bridge into the town. It was about dusk when the head of the troops entered Hackensack. The night

was cold, dark and rainy, but I had a fair view of them from the light of the windows, as they passed on our side of the street. They marched two abreast, looked ragged, some without a shoe to their feet, and most of them wrapped in their blankets. Washington then, and for some time previous, had his head-quarters at the residence of Mr. Peter Zabriskie, a private house, the supplies for the General's table being furnished by Mr. Archibald Campbell, the tavern keeper. The next evening after the Americans had passed through, the British were encamped on the opposite side of the river. We could see their fires about 100 yards apart, gleaming brilliantly in the gloom of the night, extending some distance below the town, and more than a mile up toward the New Bridge. Washington was still at his quarters, and had with him his suite, life-guards, a company of foot, a regiment of cavalry and some soldiers from the rear of the army. In the morning, before the General left, he rode down to the dock where the bridge now is, viewed the enemy's encampment about ten or fifteen minutes, and then returned to Mr. Campbell's door, and called for some wine and water. After he had drunk, and when Mr. Campbell was taking the glass from him, the latter, with tears streaming down his face, said 'General,' what shall I do; I have a family of small children and a little property here; shall I leave it?" Washington kindly took his hand and replied, 'Mr. Campbell, stay by your property, and *keep neutral*,' then, bidding him 'good bye,' rode off. About noon the next day the British took possession of the town, and in the afternoon the green was covered with Hessians, a horrid, frightful sight to the inhabitants. There were between 3000 and 4000, with their whiskers, brass caps and kettles or brass drums. A part of these same troops were two months after taken prisoners at Trenton."

"In the latter part of March, 1780, a party of about 400 British, Hessians, and refugees passed through Hackensack on their way to attack some Pennsylvania troops at Paramus. It was about three o'clock in the night when they entered the lower part of the town. All was quiet. A small company of 20 or 30 militia, under Capt. John Outwater, had retired for the night to the barracks, barns and outhouses, where

those friendly to the American cause generally resorted to rest. One-half of the enemy marched quietly through. When the rear, consisting mostly of Hessians, arrived, they broke open the doors and windows, robbed and plundered, and took prisoners a few peaceable inhabitants, among whom was Mr. Archibald Campbell. This gentleman, who had been for several weeks confined to his bed with the rheumatism, they forced into the street, and compelled to follow them. Often in their rear, they threatened to shoot him if he did not hasten his pace. In the subsequent confusion he escaped and hid in the cellar of a house opposite the New Bridge. He lived until 1798, and never experienced *a return of the rheumatism*.

“The Hessians burnt two dwellings and the Court House. The latter stood on the west side of the green, eight or ten rods from Campbell’s tavern. Fortunately the wind was from the west, and drove the flames and sparks over the green, and the tavern was saved by the family throwing water over the roof. At this time those in the outhouses were aroused, and the militia hastened across the fields, mounted horses, and alarmed the troops at Paramus. By the time the enemy had arrived at what is now Red Mills, four miles from Hackensack, they ascertained the Americans were on their way to meet them. Disappointed, they retraced their steps, and, when near Hackensack, turned off to the north on the road leading to the New Bridge, to the left of which there is a range about half a mile distant, the intervening ground being level. There the continentals and militia were hurrying over, kept, however, at a distance by large flanking parties of the enemy, who, on arriving at the bridge, were detained about two hours in replacing the plank torn off by the Americans. In the mean time their parties were skirmishing with our people. Having crossed over, they marched down the east side of the Hackensack, through the English Neighborhood, being pursued twelve miles to a considerable distance within their lines down to Bergen woods. They lost many killed and wounded. There were none killed on our side. A young man of the town was wounded by a spent ball, which cut his upper lip, knocked out four front teeth, and was

caught in his mouth. Capt. Outwater received a ball below the knee, which was never extracted. He carried it for many years, and it was buried with him."

The foregoing narrative derives additional interest for the modern reader from the fact that the Zabriskie residence, used by General Washington as his head-quarters, is still pointed out, standing on Main street ; and near it also still are the tavern and the village green and Court House.*

Hackensack was originally settled by six or eight Dutch families, whose descendants are to-day its principal inhabitants. It was included in a patent granted by the proprietor of East Jersey to Capt. John Berry, and, at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, contained only about thirty houses, including a Reformed Dutch Church, facing the public green, which was first built in 1696 and a second time in 1791. In the old church yard adjoining it repose the remains, among others, of Brig.-Gen'l Poor, of New Hampshire, who died in 1780, and of Col. Richard Varick, ex-Mayor of New York, who died in 1831.

Prior to the advent of the railroads the growth of Hackensack was slow. In 1844 it had a population of only about fifteen hundred, and had communication by a line of six sailing vessels with New York. But to-day it has two railroads, and a population of ten thousand and upward. Its shaded and well graded streets are lined with pavements and lighted by gas. It boasts eight churches, two public and several private schools, one academy, three newspapers, three hotels, a National bank, a State bank, a jewelry factory, several carriage factories, a planing mill, and many minor industries. In neatness and beauty its streets, gardens and dwellings justly

* Up to within a few years ago the old tavern sign bearing the words "Hoboken, Hackensack and Albany Stage Route" was visible to passers by at the hotel referred to.

claim admiration, evincing a care and taste alike creditable to the inhabitants, and inviting to the stranger. Indeed, some of the villa residences in and about Hackensack are, with reason, referred to with a sort of local pride by its people. On Teaneck Ridge, a mile and a half above, and soon, by the enterprise of its proprietor, to be connected by a horse railroad with the town, stands the picturesque mansion of Wm. Walter Phelps, Esq., the New York railroad prince, who daily finds in this charming and healthful home a grateful retreat from the oppressive cares of business. And, on the left-hand side of the Midland track, a square or two beyond the depot, the passenger will find it well worth his while, in passing, to look out upon the model garden and farm of J. N. Gamewell, Esq., another prominent New York business man, who, six years ago, purchased a tract of about four acres, extending through from State street to the Erie track, and has gradually converted it into one of the most thoroughly cultivated spots to be found in America. A spacious, handsome residence, surrounded by generous verandahs, a wealth of rare flowers, and fruit trees and shrubbery, a broad, well-stocked vegetable garden, and new and extensive brick hot houses (directly facing the railroad) for the propagation of rare fruits and flowers; in short every imaginable appliance for beautifying and cultivating a villa residence, combine to offer the passing traveler at this point a view of a model home.

For Hackensack, the Midland, entering as it does at a central point, and landing passengers on the principal thoroughfare, Main Street, has been a public blessing, and if nothing else attested the fact, the large and increasing travel by it to and from the Metropolis would suffice to do so. Avoiding intermediate detention and the tunnel, and landing passengers at Cortlandt Street in forty-five minutes, it is daily

HACKENSACK
REAL ESTATE
— — —
LOTS

AND

Building Sites,

(Near the Midland Railway Depot)

— FOR —

NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN

AND

IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

— — —
Address, J. N. GAMEWELL,

104 Centre St., New York.

growing in popularity with commuters, and is already one of the busiest, if not the most busy station upon the line. Those desirous of investing in property, will find eligible lots and plots for sale, (see advertisement) at reasonable and easy terms.

Beyond Hackensack, the first great engineering difficulty in the construction of the Midland was successfully met and mastered, for, overlooking the town from the west, are the Red Hills, a formidable obstacle apparently to our further progress as we leave the depot. But, without effort, the locomotive hurries us on by an easy and gradual ascent over a high embankment and trestle work, from which we gain a birds eye view of the town behind us, the pasture lands below dotted with grazing cattle, the Erie track passing beneath our own at right angles, then are whirled through a heavy cutting in the summit of the ridge, and in a moment more the hill which seemed insurmountable is behind us. Thence the track lies straight as a die to

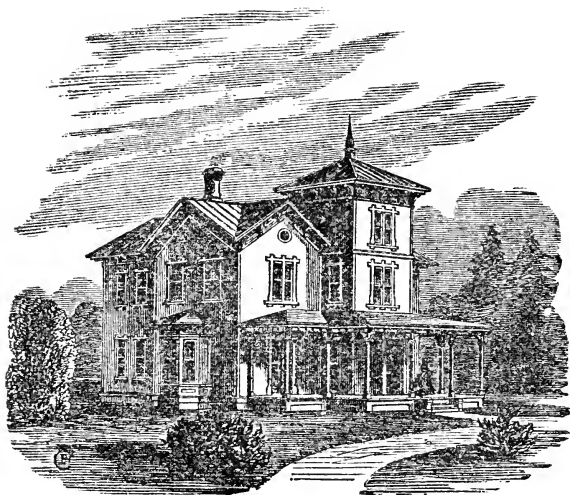
MAYWOOD.

FORMERLY WEST HACKENSACK.

(14 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles ; 47 minutes. 6 trains each way daily)

On both sides of the newly erected station building, the visitor sees a wide expanse of broad fertile meadow land, stretching away to the distant woods, with here and there a substantial farm house with its numerous out buildings and orchards to vary the scene. There are many eligible building sites within five minutes walk of Maywood depot.

Three quarters of a mile further on is our next stopping place,



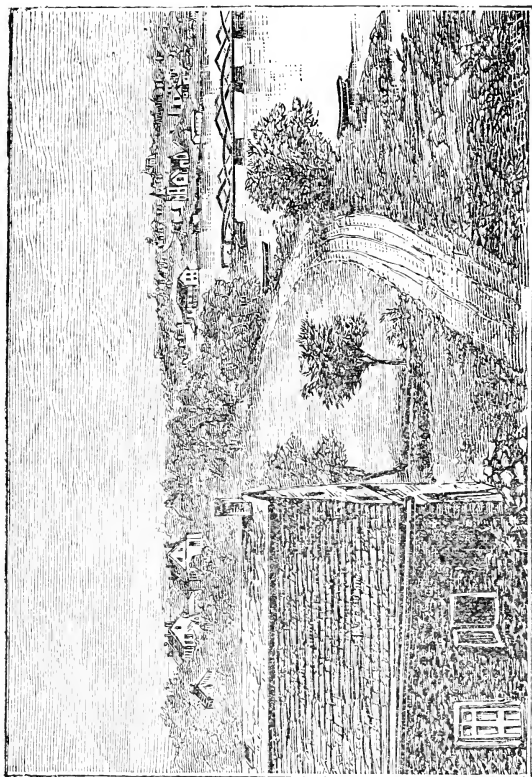
Design for a Residence to cost \$6000.

Furnished by GEO. E. WOODWARD, Architect, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

LODI.

(15½ miles ; 49 minutes. 6 trains each way daily.)

Previous to the opening of the Midland, Lodi's only communication by rail with New York was afforded by a small branch road, connecting with the Erie at Lodi Junction on Hackensack Branch. At Lodi are located the celebrated Lodi Chemical and Lodi Print Works, and other manufacturing industries. The village has a population of about 500, four churches, good schools, and a circulating library, and contains many elegant residences, including "Elmwood," the country seat of R. Rennie, Esq. As yet, the Railway Company have not erected a depot at this point—the track crossing the main road, which runs through the village, at a distance of about a mile from the latter. The general characteristics



DUNDEE LAKE FROM EASTERN END OF RAILWAY BRIDGE.

SIXTY ACRES

OF

HIGH AND DESIRABLE LOTS AND VILLA SITES

OVERLOOKING DUNDEE LAKE,

Only Two Minutes' Walk from Dundee Depot on the Midland Railway.


Only Five Minutes' Walk from Horse Cars to all parts of Paterson, and

Only Fifty Minutes' Ride from Cortlandt or Desbrosses Street Ferries.



*Pure Water, Fine Scenery, Charming Drives,
and agreeable surroundings.*



 **Terms Reasonable to bona fide Purchasers.**

Address

JOHN C. HOPKINS, Jr.,
40 Montgomery Street, Jersey City,

Or

CORNELIUS VAN RIPER,
on the Premises.

of the adjacent land vary little if any from those mentioned in the description of the last station. The price is about \$500 per acre. This may be added, however, that along the six or seven miles of road lying between Hackensack and Paterson there are, in addition to Lodi and Maywood, half a dozen choice and desirable locations for the establishment of depots and settlements. Property only awaits the advent of enterprising capitalists with courage to invest their money, and brains to foresee and plan the inevitable success which will follow their outlay.

Crossing Saddle River, an inconsiderable stream scarcely worthy its name, we pass through a partially cleared and sparsely settled region for two miles or more, until emerging from the woods we approach the open country of the Passaic Valley, obtain a glorious view of Garrett Mountain in the distance, lifting its rugged face against the sky, see already glimpses of wide-spread Paterson, and nearer still the winding Passaic, and come to a stop at

DUNDEE LAKE.

(18 miles; 57 minutes. 6 trains each way daily.)

Here, as at most other stopping places, a handsomely finished depot has been erected in anticipation of the wants of future residents, and from its platform one views a scene of genuine interest and beauty. Almost at his feet flows the beautiful Passaic, its shores dotted on both sides with lawns and villas and boat houses. Straight ahead, the railroad bridge crosses it, a short distance below, the "Weasel Bridge," for foot passengers and vehicles, and on a neighboring hill the eye rests upon the smooth shaven slopes, winding paths and white marble monuments of Cedar Lawn Cemetery. Looking closer, one sees perhaps on the road along the opposite bank, a horse car passing up or down, betokening a proximity to

city conveniences, or, upon the placid bosom of the river, boating parties may on any fair day, be seen enjoying themselves. This is the favorite annual resort of aquatic sportsmen. Here every year is held the regatta which brings together thousands of visitors from Paterson, Passaic, Newark, Hackensack and New York. The various boat clubs of the first mentioned city have indeed no reason to be ashamed of their record as oarsmen. Dundee Lake, as it is called, is in reality the Passaic River, which, checked at this point by the Dundee Dam, a mile or so below, widens out into a beautiful sheet of water which furnishes rare opportunities for boating or skating according to the season.

In the immediate vicinity of so lovely a spot as this, the establishment of a railway depot, and direct communication with New York, cannot fail to bring many desirable settlers, glad to exchange homes in the city for others amid surroundings so eminently peaceful and pleasing.

The advertisement of Mr. J. C. Hopkins, Jr., on a preceding page, calls attention to some desirable property for sale at this point.

And now crossing the Passaic, we are within the Paterson city limits, and in a moment or two stop at

MARKET STREET,

PATERSON.

(19½ miles ;* 59 minutes. 4 trains each way daily.)

Though yet a mile distant from the city's center, one sees on alighting, unmistakeable indications of his presence in a great and growing city. The line of the Willis Street horse cars intersects the track at the end of the depot, affording frequent and easy communication with the Lake and Cedar

*This distance will ultimately be reduced to 13 miles by the completion of the projected Weehawken cut.

DUNDEE LAKE

Choice Building Lots and Villa Sites.

60 Lots on Market Street.

32 " E. 37th "

48 " " 38th "

23 " " 39th "

36 " " 21st Avenue.

20 " Lake View Ave.

(Lake View Ave. & 21st Ave. are each 120 ft. wide.)

15 " Alabama "

50 " Kentucky "

150 " THE BOULEVARD.

ALSO, FOR MANUFACTURING PURPOSES, 50 LOTS.

Forming block bounded by Market, East 35th and East 36th Sts., and 21st Avenue, (Midland Railway.)

All this property is at or within three minutes walk of the

MARKET STREET STATION,

Of the New York Midland Railway.

The MOST EASTERLY STATION in PATERSON.

S. S. SHERWOOD,

Market St., cor. of the Lake Road.

MARKET ST. LAND CO.

PATERSON, N. J.

DESIRABLE BUILDING SITES

Adjoining Market Street Station.

TERMS LIBERAL TO ACTUAL SETTLERS.

G. A. HOBART, Treas., National Bank Building, Paterson.

J. W. HEWSON, Cor. Main & Van Houten Sts., Paterson.

H. WATKINS, 25 Nassau Street, New York.

DUNDEE LAKE

AND

LAKE VIEW

Villa Plots !!

I have for Sale

500 LOTS,

Fronting on DUNDEE and LAKE VIEW AVENUES, and particularly desirable on account of their high elevation, commanding a most magnificent view of the surroundings.

Lake View Avenue is now open from MARKET STREET to CLIFTON DEPOT (on the Erie Railway).

This entire property is unsurpassed in all its beautiful attractions, for delightful private residences, being within a few minutes' distance of the Lake View and Clifton Stations of the Erie Railway and the Paterson Horse Railroad cars, within twelve minutes' walk of the Midland Depot, on Market Street, and within one hour of New York, giving every confidence in its very rapid advancement in value.

I AM SELLING AT VERY LOW PRICES.

For Maps, and further particulars, please call on me, at my office,

19 PRINCE STREET, PATERSON,

JAMES SIMMONS.

Lawn in the one direction, or with Main Street and the churches, schools, stores and markets on the other, while, four hundred yards south, another line of horse railroad running through Market Street, affords similar facilities. The streets and avenues, regularly numbered and laid out on the official map of the city of Paterson, intersect the adjacent property, opening up many desirable lots for building sites. The grand Boulevard in process of construction for a distance of three and a half miles along the borders of the Passaic River, with a width of one hundred feet, finds its southern extremity near this point, giving promise to residents of a charming opportunity for drives or strolls in that direction.

There are some rare chances at this point for selecting desirable sites for the erection of villas or cottages. The Market Street Land Company (see advertisement) own a tract of fifty acres, with a frontage of six hundred feet on one and eighteen hundred feet on another line of horse railroad, and all of it accessible and convenient to the depot, which is, by the way, an elegant structure costing \$5000, erected on the Company's property at the intersection of the Midland track, and that of the Vreeland Avenue horse cars. The Company are about erecting for sale to New York business men, a number of tasteful dwellings, within a few minutes walk of the Depot, and will offer them for sale on easy terms to bona fide settlers.

The advertisement of Mr. S. S. Sherwood also calls attention to a large variety of superior building lots adjacent to the Market Street Depot, including a hundred and fifty which front on the Boulevard before mentioned, and extend through to the river, thus affording rare facilities for the erection of boat and bath houses, by those who purchase and build there.

Mr. Sherwood also offers lots and villa sites on the line of the horse railroad and within five minutes walk of the depot ;

also property conveniently situated for manufacturing purposes, as will be seen by reference to his advertisement above mentioned.

Nor is this all—property owners in this vicinity are evincing more than usual enterprise by bringing into the market not only the land close to the depot, but other tracts ten or twelve minutes walk distant. The property of Mr. James Simmons, referred to in his advertisement (which see) is about this distance from the Market Street Depot, and consists of a strip of sixty acres in area, over two-thirds of a mile in length, extending through from Dundee Avenue on the Passaic to Lake View Depot on the Erie Railway, thus affording two lines of connection with New York, as well as easy access to the heart of Paterson, by either the Market Street, Willis Street or Trenton Avenue horse cars. Twenty four acres of this tract are on the slope overlooking the Passaic River, and command a glorious view at every point.

From Market Street, passing on through a series of newly opened streets and avenues, all giving evidence of a rapid development and growth in this new section of the city, we gradually find the indications of city surroundings increasing as we advance ; now the street lamps, and curb stones, and pavements, and horse car tracks of Willis Street flash for a moment across the eye, the train slackens its speed, and then comes to a standstill at

P A T E R S O N ,

BROADWAY.

(20 miles ; 1 hour. 8 trains each way daily.)

With a population of nearly forty thousand, with industries as extensive and successful as any in America, with a location as picturesque as healthful, with church and school facilities of the very best, and with four lines of railroad con-

necting her with New York, Paterson may justly claim a high rank among the active and enterprising cities of the country. Her history, from the day of her foundation to the present time, is a history of early toil and struggles and adversity, rewarded at length by a crown of wealth and prosperity. In 1840, her population was 7598. Twenty years later it had increased to 20,000, thirty years later to 34,000, and to-day she is accounted the third city in size in New Jersey, and the thirty-eighth in the United States.

Paterson was named in honor of Governor William Paterson, who, in November, 1791, signed a charter incorporating a society organized by Alexander Hamilton, with a capital of one million dollars, for the manufacture of cotton cloths. The site of the proposed operations was fixed upon at this point in May, 1792, at which time there were not over ten houses here. A meeting of the directors of the society was held at Godwin's Hotel on the 4th of July in the same year, and the necessary appropriations were then made for building factories and machine shops, and for the construction of a raceway to utilize the immense water power furnished by the Passaic River. This power indeed was what had decided the selection of the location in the first place.

In January, 1793, Peter Colt, Esq., then State Comptroller of Connecticut, was put in charge of the Company's affairs, and under his supervision the first raceway was completed. The factory was finished in 1794, and in that year calico shawls and other cotton goods were printed; the society also appears to have bestowed attention on the culture of the silkworm, and directed the planting of mulberry trees for that purpose. As a result, the Paterson mills of the present day produce the finest silks in America.

But for a while, misfortune caused a suspension of the society's labors, and in 1796 the workmen were discharged

and manufactures abandoned. In 1824, however, Mr. Roswell L. Colt purchased at a depreciated price a large portion of the shares and revived the organization. Since that time it has been steadily increasing in stability and effectiveness, and now the mills and shops of Paterson furnish daily employment to thousands of hands, and send silks, yarns, cotton cloths, and locomotives to all parts of the world.

The well-known tobacco manufactory of Messrs. Allen & Dunning, occupying the ground floor of Congress Hall, corner Main and Market streets, is also one of the old and prominent industries of the city, doing an extensive business, and ranking among the first in New Jersey.

The Falls of the Passaic, while thus supplying a never-failing source of wealth to the city of Paterson, are, moreover, strikingly grand in themselves and picturesque in their surroundings. Pouring rapidly over a rocky bed, the vast volume of

EVERY HOME ON THE MIDLAND

Should be warmed by either

STOVES, RANGES or a FURNACE,

From the Mammoth Establishment of

CURRAN, ROGERS & CO.,

Nos. 75, 77 & 79 BROADWAY,

New Church Block.

PATERSON, N. J.

Mr. P. CURRAN's experience of twenty-five years in the Stove business, and more recently as the head of the CURRAN BOWERING MANUFACTURING Co., gives him a thorough knowledge of the wants of the community at large in this particular, and consequently an advantage possessed by few men in the business.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Roofing and Galvanized Cornices.

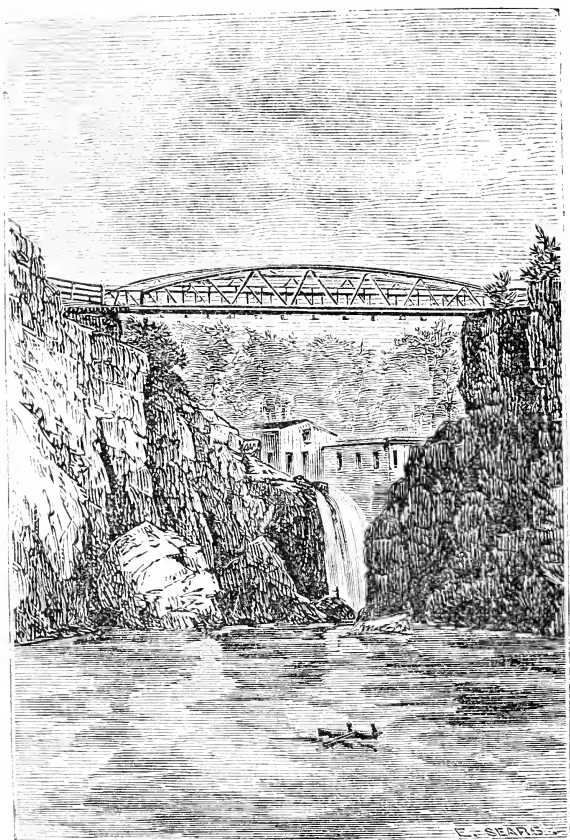
AND ALL WORK IN THAT LINE OF BUSINESS.

water plunges down a depth of seventy five feet into a narrow gorge or chasm, walled in by a perpendicular face of rock, thence darts off at right angles, foaming and bubbling out into a sort of basin, surrounded by high precipitous sides, and thence turns again at a sharp angle resuming, on the lower level, its original direction. The gorge into which the river plunges is spanned by a symmetrical bridge of iron, on which you may stand and obtain a complete view of the torrent, as with a deafening roar it leaps into the dark cavernous jaws of rock, emerging again covered with feathery foam.

In one of the crevices of rock near this point are scratched in rude letters, various initials and dates, some of the latter extending back into the last century. The initials "G. W.," with the figures "1778," are still pointed out as having been inscribed there by the father of his country, the revolutionary troops having at one time been encamped on the adjacent hills. From the brow of the solid rock opposite, Sam Patch took one of his famous leaps, and at the same spot sixty years ago, a distressing accident happened, resulting in the death of an estimable woman and wife. (see appendix A.)

The grounds about the Falls have been thrown open as a public park by their public spirited owner John Ryle, Esq., and are a favorite resort as well for the townspeople as for visitors. Upon the heights overlooking the Falls is an observatory, from which may be obtained a comprehensive view of the entire city and the country on all sides of it. Here too is a reservoir for supplying the city, and upon the high ground opposite, stand the obelisk, surmounted by a marble statue, erected to the memory of the "Soldiers and Sailors of Passaic County," who fell in the late war.

A visit to Passaic Falls will well repay any one undertaking it. Horse cars run directly thither from the Midland Railway Depot.



VIEW OF PASSAIC FALLS.

As a place of residence for New York business men, Paterson offers peculiar attractions, as affording all the conveniences but none of the discomforts of city life. Hundreds of commuters travel back and forth between it and New York daily. The fares are low, the time only one hour, and the place itself is healthful, supplied with good stores and markets, well policed and governed, and does not labor under immoderate taxation. Some of the streets of Paterson, such as Broadway, Van Houten, Ellison, Ward or Church Streets, are charmingly attractive, many of the private residences are elegant and costly, the public buildings and markets are of a size and importance such as one seldom sees outside of the largest cities, the hotels, including that well known old time

J. A. MORRISSE & CO.

Real Estate and Insurance Agents

OFFICES, { Cor. Market and Main Sts., Paterson, N. J.
 { No. 202 Broadway, New York.

Desirable Lots, Plots and Villa Sites, from \$200 upward.

hostelrie, the Franklin House, are numerous and well kept; and its churches, (comprising all denominations), schools and public charities are a credit to its people. Banks, Insurance Companies, daily newspapers, a well conducted fire department, a complete system of sewerage, gas and pure water, and six lines of horse cars from the center to the suburbs, all combine to render Paterson a city unsurpassed as a convenient and agreeable place of residence for New York business men.

And it may also be here mentioned that those contemplating the erection and fitting up of Homes on the Midland, can make their purchases of material as advantageously in Paterson as in the Metropolis, or, perhaps, even more so. The spacious lumber yards of Mr. Thomas Beveridge, rank-

ing among the largest in the State, and the extensive stove, range and furnace works of Messrs. Curran, Rogers & Co., (see advertisements,) are well worthy the inspection of intending builders.

The coming of the Midland to Paterson, opens a new era in the prosperity of the city, first as exciting competition and affording a second great avenue of direct communication, not only with New York but with the west ; secondly, as opening to a more intimate and convenient business relationship with it the neighboring towns of Hackensack, Pompton, Franklin, and all the many villages in upper Bergen, Passaic and Morris Counties; and thirdly, and more important than all, in developing and throwing open as eligible city property whole tracts of land hitherto remote from any railroad, and consequently of inconsiderable value. The Midland has done for Paterson exactly what many an aspiring son has done with the quaint old homestead of his father, that is, built a new addition to it, modernized it, spread it out and beautified until it is difficult to recognize the once plain and humble dwelling. So too, any one unaccustomed to enter Paterson by the Midland would certainly imagine himself, on alighting, anywhere but in the old fashioned town which Alexander Hamilton founded so long ago. He sees horse cars, street lamps, hydrants, and broad straight streets and avenues, quite thickly built up already with elegant modern residences, and can just discern over the tree tops, the spires and chimneys of the older portion of the city, lying in the lower ground or valley below. For the Midland enters Paterson on a high level, and the atmosphere in the section through which it passes is especially cool, healthful and salubrious. The society of the east side, as this part of the city is called, is for the most part refined and select ; the daily wants of house-keepers are supplied by wagons, which call at the doors, the

principal thoroughfare, Main street, is within ten minutes ride, the view, moreover, including Totowa, Garret Rock, the Preakness Mountains, and a glimpse of the Ramapo range, is refreshing, and the adjacent drives and strolls embrace some charming spots, overlooking the Passaic River. In short, if one would buy in Paterson a "Home on the Midland," let him buy it on the east side by all means.* If he prefer it in the other or older portion of the city, the horse cars will take him thither in ten minutes from the depot, and free of charge.

Land varies in price from \$200 to \$1500 per lot, (see J. A. Morris & Co.'s advertisement published on a preceding page).

Leaving the Broadway depot, the passenger finds himself traversing a quite thickly settled portion of the suburbs, and can obtain from the left-hand side of the cars an interesting view of the northerly portion of the city proper, lying in the valley below. This lasts but for a moment however, for the train enters suddenly a long and deep earth cutting, and emerges at the depot at

RIVERSIDE.—(PATERSON.)

(2½ miles; 1 hour and 2 minutes, 5 trains each way daily.)

While much of the charm possessed by this lovely spot consists in its location, (so aptly indicated by its name,) on the banks of the Passaic, yet one can really derive but a poor idea of its convenience, beauty and attractiveness as a place for a home, without alighting and devoting an hour or two to its inspection. A handsome depot is erected at the spot where the track intersects the horse railroad, running from the centre of Paterson to some distance beyond this point, thus affording the arriving or departing passenger ready and

* See advertisements of Geo. Brown, Charles A. May, F. C. Van Dyck, and Allen & Dunning, published elsewhere.

easy access to or from the depot. The horse cars, it may be stated, are admirably run, and make frequent trips between Riverside and Main street, the principal business thoroughfare.

If one loves the bold and picturesque in nature, Riverside will gratify his fondness to any reasonable extent. The beautiful Passaic, romantic wherever seen, seems here strikingly so, flowing in a black, sluggish current, between high, steep banks, densely covered with cedars, from which peer out here and there a chimney, or cupola or verandah, to tell that there have been plenty to appreciate and seize upon such an alluring spot as this for their home. To the right of River street, through which the horse cars pass, lies, now partially overgrown with weeds, and fallen evidently into disuse, the old Paterson race track, where, in good old days gone by, the many wealthy and jolly patrons of the turf living hereabout were wont to wager no inconsiderable stakes on their favorite racers. On the left, and opposite, stands, its back piazza overlooking the river, and commanding a glorious view of the country beyond, the spacious private residence (containing no less than forty-eight rooms) of Cornelius Van Winkle, Esq., whose family were among the earlier landed proprietors hereabout, and who, himself, narrates many an interesting incident or tradition peculiar to the locality. A station further up the road bears this gentleman's honored name, and we may have occasion in speaking of it to mention one or two of these as narrated by himself.

But, to return to Riverside, it possesses not only the attraction of high ground, horse cars, excellent water and good scenery. More than this, its property-owners are live, go-ahead people, and have laid out and graded streets and avenues, given, during the past year, four lots for the erection of an Episcopal Church, and closed a contract for the construction of ten handsome dwellings, to be completed by the

RIVERSIDE

Building Lots & Villa Sites

CONVENIENT TO THE

MIDLAND AND ERIE DEPOTS.

Horse Cars direct to the centre of Paterson.

FIFTEEN MINUTES' RIDE to CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, MARKETS, etc.

Terms remarkably easy to Actual Settlers.

ALSO

BROADWAY LOTS,

IMMEDIATELY EAST OF THE MIDLAND DEPOT,

AND POSSESSING THE ADVANTAGES OF

High Land, City Water, Horse Cars

AND

MAGNIFICENT NEIGHBORING RESIDENCES

ALREADY ERECTED.

Address A. WARREN, Owner, or } 237 Market Street,
 GEO. BROWN, Agent, } OF BRANCH OFFICE
 Midland Depot, Broadway.

first of May, 1873. With the Midland running to their very doors, those who have already settled and bought property, find themselves at least twenty minutes nearer New York than they were a year ago, and find an increase of at least twenty per cent. in the value of their places.

Lots can be purchased at Riverside for from three to five hundred dollars each. A valuable tract, owned by A. Warren, Esq., and comprising many convenient and beautiful sites for homes, will be found advertised on the opposite page, as will also some desirable city lots near the Broadway Depot.

Now, we cross the Passaic River, which is here spanned by a substantial and symmetrical bridge of iron ; a few hundred miles above, or to the left, is the Erie crossing, though on a much lower level, and below, to the right, a turnpike bridge can be seen stretching across. The Midland overlooks them both, and reaching the opposite bank, passes along on a high trestle work, under which the Erie, passing, crosses it, to the junction, or intersection point of the two roads at

HAWTHORNE.

(21 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; 1 hour 8 minutes. 7 trains each way daily.)

Here we have the singular spectacle of two depots, one directly over the other, the Erie below, the Midland above. The passenger alighting, descends a long stairway before reaching terra firma. It was at this point that, prior to the completion of the Midland between Paterson and Jersey City, passengers from or for New York, Pompton, Bloomingdale, and other points up the road, changed cars. Now, no longer subjected to this inconvenience, they are whizzed past the station direct to their destination, enjoying, it may be remarked, in passing, a fair view of the Erie track, stretching westward far below them in a long tangent, until the glistening lines of steel seem as one in the distance.

Hawthorne, like Riverside, is charmingly situated on the bank of the Passaic, and is a rapidly developing locality, possessing as it does, the privilege of double railway communication with the Metropolis and the West. Its name was formerly Norwood, until changed two years ago to its present, perhaps more romantic one. Many public improvements have been inaugurated by public spirited citizens and property owners, including the opening of several avenues and boulevards, and planting of shade trees. Purchasers can secure good building sites on streets already opened at prices varying from \$150 to \$400 per plot, or in some places as low as \$500 per acre.

And now gradually descending from our elevated trackway at Hawthorne, we reach the level of terra firma once more, pass the turn table and coaling depot which the Company have found it convenient to establish at this point, and are off at lightning speed up the valley with the whole city of Paterson, its spires, its foundries, its chimneys in full view in the rear, the Preakness Hills half a mile to the left, and an open undulating farm land stretching away on the right. Along the base of these Preakness Hills ran the old Minisink path or trail, the Indian thoroughfare from or to the seaboard, and along this same route extends the turnpike road of to-day, connecting Paterson with Pompton and the intermediate villages. This region is full of old legends and traditions, so interwoven with the different localities through which our route passes, as to cause justifiable hesitation on the part of the careful chronicler before describing precisely at what point their narration would prove most appropriate. For instance, here we are at

VAN WINKLE'S,

(23 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles; 1 hour and 12 minutes. 5 trains each way daily.)

situated in the center of a beautiful stretch of well watered farm land, and named, as before stated, in honor of Cornelius Van Winkle, Esq. of Riverside, who owns much of the adjacent property. Now the original name of this section extending hence up to a point ten or twelve miles above, appears to have been "the Waugarau," a name which would at first sight be pronounced as of indubitable Indian origin. Not so, however. It is a corruption of the old Dutch words signifying "a wagon ride," because the first vehicle or wagon ever put in use at the Ponds, a point a few miles above, (and owned by the way by Francis Van Winkle, a great grand uncle of the gentlemen previously mentioned) caused a lively commotion among the Indians, who seem to have lived in friendly intercourse here with the Dutch settlers, and made them come in from four miles around to enjoy the luxury of their first wagon ride. Hence the name, once borne by the entire neighborhood, but now confined to the lively water-course which winds here and there through its meadows.

This particular spot, however, has long been known as "The Goffle." Almost any one in Paterson can tell a stranger the road to "Der Goffle," but probably but few can say exactly where it is or what it means. It is a quiet little hamlet, composed of a mill and a house or two, half a mile back from the depot. Its name means "The Fork," referring to the fork at this point in the stream above mentioned. How simple and unromantic these quaint old names seem, when deciphered into our hard practical modern nomenclature.

But Van Winkle's is a charming place for a New York business man, in search of a Home on the Midland, to visit and inspect. Near enough to Paterson to be within easy access

of its stores, schools and churches, and yet possessing all the pure air, rural loveliness and fertile soil of the country, it offers many genuine features to render it attractive and desirable, and may, before many years, be counted a thrifty and growing suburb of the neighboring city. Land sells now at anywhere from \$400 to \$1,000 per acre.

After leaving this point, the scenery bears a striking resemblance to that on the Erie Railway at Hohokus—the track-way walled in by a solid wall of stone on the left, and overlooking a densely-wooded gorge, through which plunges a rapid water-course (the Waugarau) on the right. Then one catches a glimpse—only a moment—of the blue palisades in the distance, and the train stops at

MIDLAND PARK.

(FORMERLY GODWINSVILLE.)

(24¾ miles; 1 hour, 16 minutes. 7 trains each way daily.)

A village of some note, as the scene, in days gone by, of extensive manufacturing industries. It has several handsome private dwellings, a good public school and a neat church (Methodist), and possesses a location which, in point of beauty or healthfulness, cannot be surpassed. Nor has private enterprise been slothful in availing itself of these advantages: a number of citizens have organized a stock company (see advertisement on next page), purchased a valuable tract of one hundred and fifty acres of land, adjoining both sides of the road at this point, and intend to lay it out under the title of Midland Park, in the most improved style of modern park and landscape gardening, with serpentine drives, bridle paths, ponds, rambles and groves, constructing also within its limits a reasonable number of handsome residences, which will be put on the market at easy terms. In these improvements the projectors will be aided by many natural

MIDLAND LAND CO.

Midland Park, Bergen Co., N. J.

OFFICES

AT

WORTENDYKE, NEW JERSEY, and

Rooms 24, 25 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

This Company will soon be prepared to offer to the Public the most desirable Villa Sites and Building Lots to be found along the Line of the GREAT MIDLAND RAILROAD.

The Land is at present a beautiful, natural Park, with the never-failing Wagara flowing through the entire property, falling over 60 feet in passing. The location of Midland Park lies in the flourishing village of Wortendyke, (late Godwinsville). This Village *must grow* rapidly, as it is the end of the *short trains* on the *New Jersey Midland*, and *all Trains* stop. Large machine shops are already erected for the railroad purposes, and the largest Candle and Lamp wick Factory in the world is here located, ensuring a growing population.

The slopes and hill sides surrounding the *Business Basin* are unsurpassed in beauty in the State.

The attention of parties desiring healthy and lovely *Suburban Homes* is called to this valuable property soon to be laid out.

Midland Park is but 20 miles distant from the main terminus of the Midland Rail Road, and is only 23 miles from the Jersey C. ty Depot.

HENRY SEIBERT & BROTHERS,

The well-known and enterprising

Engravers, Lithographers & Printers

OF

RAILWAY COUPONS, BONDS,

AND

Securities of Every Description,

Invite the attention of Bankers and Railway Companies to their recent improvements in this line of work,

Samples in large quantities and variety, executed by them for leading Railways in the United States and Canada, may be seen at any time at their

OFFICE, 182 WILLIAM ST.,

Ledger Building,

New York

All Kinds of Mercantile Blanks Lithographed and Printed to Order.

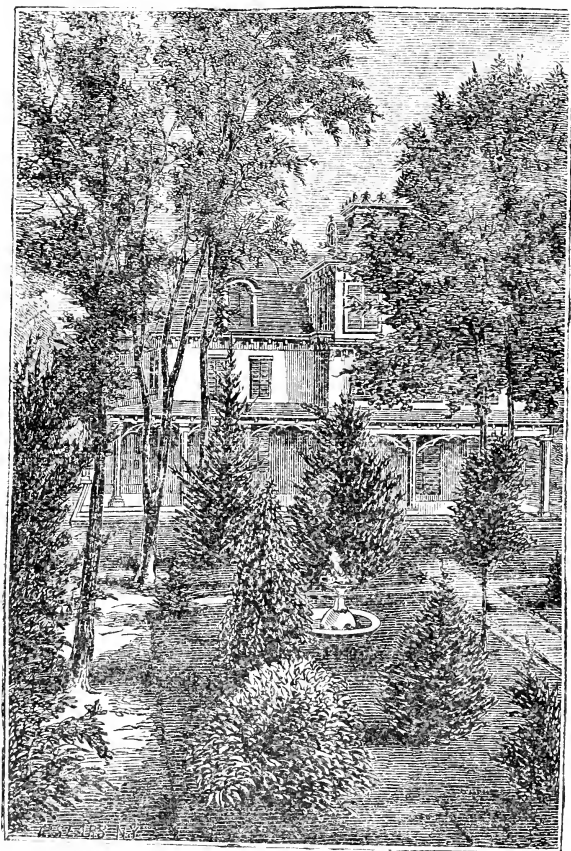
advantages, such as fine views, several running streams, an abundant growth of shade trees and a rich, fertile soil. The opportunity of securing a "Home on the Midland" in such a spot, is well worthy of the prospective purchaser's attentive consideration.

Beyond the Park the Railway enters a heavy cutting of red sandstone, then skirts the border of the creek before referred to, passes the crumbling ruins of an old mill half hidden 'neath the shadows of overhanging trees, then again brings into full view the cluster of buildings which form the centre called

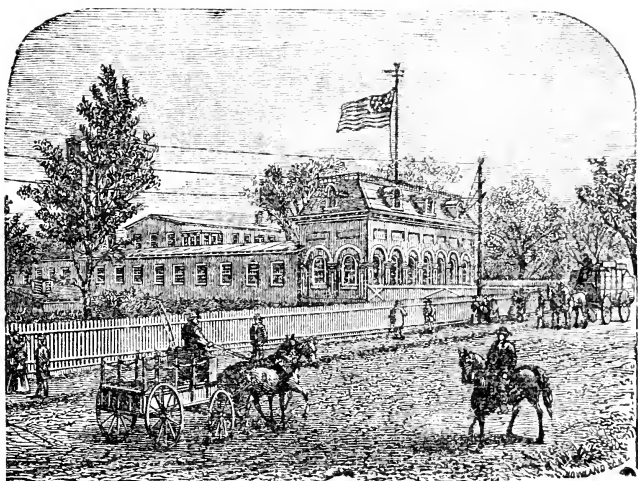
WORTENDYKE.

(26 miles; 1 hour, 20 minutes. 8 trains each way daily.)

At this point are located the engine and repair shops of the Company. Here, too, about a quarter of a mile from the depot, are the elegant residence and the extensive cotton mill of C. A. Wortendyke, Esq., one of the originators and the president of the New Jersey Midland Railway, and from whom, as may be inferred, the station derives its name. Upon this spot Mr. Wortendyke was born, has reared his industries about him, and finally seen his well-earned reward in the shape of the railroad, bringing increased prosperity and life to his very doors. Until within a few years past, Mr. Wortendyke was the proprietor of no less than four cotton mills within this immediate vicinity. His attention is now, however, confined to this one alone, in which he employs about fifty hands in the manufacture, principally, of candle and lamp wick. Some idea of the amount of labor done here during the year 1871, may be formed when it is stated that 250,943 pounds of cotton were used, and 50,000 pounds of candle wick, and 250,000 gross of lamp wick manufactured and shipped during that period. The mill is run both



RESIDENCE OF C. A. WORTENDYKE, ESQ.



COTTON MILL OF C. A. WORTENDYKE, ESQ.

by steam and water, with an aggregate of about 40 horse power, has 2,000 bobbins, is lit by gas throughout, and contains, in addition to the business offices of the accountants, a telegraph and post office. In short, its system and arrangements appear complete throughout, and the intelligent visitor who may be accorded that privilege, will find no little pleasure in following the fleecy product of the Southern soil through the various processes, from the time it leaves the bale until that in which it is put up in packages in the shipping room, ready for the market.

From the grove upon the eminence overlooking Wortendyke may be obtained a fine view of the surrounding country, which, really a part of what is known as Godwinsville, went formerly with it under the general name of Newtown. There are many desirable building sites within ten minutes ride of the depot, to be had at an average price of 700 dol-

lars per acre, while lots sell at from \$200 to \$600. A handsome new depot has been erected, and near it a well-stocked store. Mr. Wortendyke has also put up two tasty cottages within ten minutes' walk of the station, and is engaged in opening a wide avenue, running parallel to, and about three hundred yards from the track, both for the purpose of opening new building sites, and of affording direct communication between the depot and Jardine's Grove, or "The Greenwood," a lovely spot, about half a mile beyond, known as a favorite resort for pic-nic and excursion parties, and fronting upon a lake 15 acres in area, where boating and fishing may be enjoyably indulged in.

WYCKOFF,

(27½ miles; 1 hour, 23 minutes, 5 trains each way daily.)

Is our next stopping place. Considerable activity is already noticeable at this point, in the erection of dwellings, and laying out of streets and lots. Some extensive and profitable transfers in real estate have been made, and nearly all of the available building lots in the immediate vicinity of the station are said to be already disposed of to intending settlers. The main road, running west from the depot, passes through a beautiful farming land, built up as a scattered village. Here we see the old stone church (see Appendix H), with its moss-covered tombstones gathered about it, each with its quaint inscription of affection and regret; here, too, a public school house, in which the ideas of the Wyckoff youth are taught how to shoot; here, too, the well-known Ramsey Hotel, famed for its substantial good cheer the country round. Beyond, on a commanding site, is the commodious dwelling of Mr. Bergman, a wealthy New York tobacconist, who is also erecting a brick tobacco factory close at hand; and in the middle of the wide sweep of valley, up which we can

glance as the train leaves the station, stands, all solitary and alone, a sort of a wierd, gaunt spectre of the olden time—a large antiquated dwelling, three stories high, with gable roof and oval windows, known as “Old Aunt Jinny’s Tavern,” where, before the days of railroads and stages, many a belated horseman was wont to find food and shelter.

Farm lands sell hereabouts at from \$200 to \$350 per acre.
At

CAMPGAW

(29¼ miles; 1 hour and 29 minutes. 5 trains each way daily.)

it can be bought at even lower rates, the price per acre ranging from \$150 to \$250 per acre, and per lot at proportionally low figures. A Methodist Church, a school and a good country store are among the conveniences already established here.

CRYSTAL LAKE,

(30¼ miles; 1 hour and 32 minutes. 5 trains each way daily.)

is the pleasing and rather romantic name bestowed upon the next station at which the traveler stops. The depot has been constructed in the very heart of the greenwood at a road crossing, and a fine large hotel, the only other building in sight, has been put up directly in the rear of it by the far seeing energy of Mr. M. Van Iderstine of Paterson. But let not the reader suppose that this is all of Crystal Lake. Far from it. We are now in the region known as “The Ponds,” so called from the fact that in the original division or laying out of farms in the surrounding country, every one of them was found to touch upon or include at least one of the many beautiful bodies of water which abound here. Crystal Lake (or Franklin Lake as it was called until changed, in order to avoid its confusion with Franklin

station further up the line) is a picturesque sheet of water, nestling among the hills on the Pompton turnpike, about a mile and a half to the westward; and an enterprising capitalist may find upon one or two of the knolls overlooking it, very desirable sites for a summer hotel. Many old and wealthy families including the Boyds, Voorhis and Demarests own large tracts, and themselves reside in the immediate vicinity of the lake. Mr. Hughes, a prominent Pater-sonian, has also recently purchased a fine estate in this neighbourhood. Land can be bought at the same prices as those quoted for the previous station.

And now nearing

OAKLAND,

(FORMERLY YAWPAUGH.)

(3½ miles; 1 hour and 35 minutes. 5 trains each way daily.)

we see stretching away to the right before us, the rounded tops and wooded rocky slopes of the Ramapo Mountains. Three quarters of a mile to the westward stands the old "Ponds Church," (see appendix H.) and, as at Wyckoff, the intermediate road is built up with scattered dwellings including a stone post office and school house. The land here is level and peculiarly eligible for partition and sale in building lots. It can now be purchased at from \$100 to \$250 per acre, although there is very little chance of such moderate rates remaining permanent.

The traveler should not leave this point without glancing upward to the rocks and thickets of the neighboring mountain on the right, and in front of his course, for there on a cold and stormy night in the winter of 1869-70 was enacted a silent tragedy, which has brought tears of mingled fear and pity to the eyes of countless little ones listening to its recital, when gathered around the warm cosy

hearth stone at home. Three little boys, aged eight, six and four, sons of poor parents, who lived in a wretched cabin in yonder mountains, and gained a livelihood by burning charcoal, strayed off from home late one winter afternoon during their father's absence. Their mother missed them when dark came on, and when her husband returned, a search was at once begun. But the night was dark and cold, snow was falling, the mountain paths were steep and icy, and nothing but a father's love and the thought of these little helpless ones exposed to the pitiless element on such a night as that was, could have prompted him to venture forth. A night of search was fruitless—then others assisted, and yet in vain—then the whole male population of the neighborhood turned out, and joined in the search; some asserted the children had been drowned in endeavoring to cross the Ramapo, which, in winter fierce and swollen, flows at the mountain's base; others thought they might be safe under shelter at some distant house; a few, to the discredit of human nature, vaguely hinted that they were not lost, but had been foully dealt with as burdens and cares too heavy to be longer supported; alas! the third days search told the whole sad story—when three little bodies frozen stiff, the smaller covered with the ragged coat which his elder brother had taken off to wrap around him, were found lying stark and cold under the shadow of a rock, where their poor weary feet had at last in the storm and darkness found rest and the "sleep which knows no breaking."

And now, crossing the Ramapo, we are whirled along under the shadow of the hills, a distance of three miles, to

POMPTON,

(34½ miles ; 1 hour and 43 minutes. 6 trains each way daily.)

One of the oldest settled, as it is one of the most beautiful and attractive places in all New Jersey. To really appreciate and enjoy these beauties, as well as to gain in a single comprehensive glance the wonderful natural advantages which are here offered for the establishment and rapid growth of an inland city, let the visitor, after alighting at the depot, ride up to the Norton House, (it is proposed to establish a line of horse cars thither before long,) a distance of one mile, and thence by an easy ascent to the summit of Colfax Mountain. In ascending he catches glimpses of the dark valley and sombre wild hillsides to the eastward, and, admiring these, is little prepared for the magnificent panorama which suddenly breaks upon his vision on arriving at the summit. There may be grander or more awe-inspiring scenery, but certainly in all this world's expanse none more smiling, peaceful and prosperous than this wide-spread landscape, which, walled in by wooded hills as far as the eye can reach, lies mapped out beneath him. Yonder, to the right, is the grand old Ramapo Mountain, in front and opposite the Pequannock hills. From one valley flows the Wynockie, from another the Pequannock, each to wander awhile through verdant meadows, between banks fringed with willows, and then, uniting, flow on as one ; here, too, at the mountain's base, flows the placid Ramapo, its waters forming a convenient channel for the transportation of coal in canal boats to the Pompton Steel Works hard by. Just below where we stand, can be seen, nestling among the trees, the old Colfax mansion, where resided the ancestors of the distinguished statesman who bears that name to-day. Here, in revolutionary days, dwelt his grand-uncle, Captain Colfax, commander of Washington's body-guard, and breveted a Major-General for meritorious

services, and in the little square enclosure just adjoining we can discern the simple white marble shaft which marks the patriot-soldier's final resting place. Far away to the southward, dotted with hamlets and farm houses, and a church spire or two, half hidden among the foliage, stretch the fertile Pompton Plains, every foot of soil under tillage, and traversed not only in all directions by turnpike roads which look like threads in the distance, but also by the Montclair Railway, the whistle of whose engines, hurrying like human creatures across the distant landscape, comes mingling with those of the Midland in a not unmusical cadence to the ear, telling of the new life and vigor they have brought to this quiet, secluded spot. And now, turning to the right and glancing northward, we see where the two railways intersect, near the old Pompton church. Close by, and almost at our feet, are the Pompton Steel Works, with their compact little settlement of workmen's dwellings about them; there, too, the Episcopal Church, the stores, the post office, the Norton House; there, too, an ornamental iron bridge, costing \$15,000, with a twenty-foot roadway and five-foot sidewalks, just erected by the county over the Ramapo River, and connecting the townships of Wayne and Pompton.

But, to understand the marvelous detail of this widespread picture, one must see it; no description, however vivid, can portray it upon paper; it would require the brush of a Cropsey or a Church to do it justice upon canvas. But, lovers of the beautiful in nature will be gratified to learn that a company of gentlemen have purchased this mountain, which is a natural park, and propose to erect a \$300,000 hotel upon its summit, laying out the grounds about it, and throwing open to summer visitors a new place of resort, unequalled, take it all in all, in the vicinity of the metropolis.

One especially pretty feature of Pompton is Arrareek Lake,

or "Ryerson's Pond," as it is more familiarly called, which, winding among the hills for a distance of about three miles, finds an outlet at its western end, where it falls picturesquely over an immense rock, and loses itself in the Ramapo. From the Indian name of this rock, "the Pong-tong," is derived the present name of the locality. Upon this overhanging cedar-clad knoll the sachems were wont to meet in council, and here among the evergreens their trails are not yet extinct. On the opposite side of the falls may be seen the ruins of Peter M. Ryerson's blast furnaces, now dubbed "Fort Sumter." Further up on this beautiful lake, where a shaded grassy point may be seen projecting, stands "Sunnybank," the beautiful residence of Rev. Dr. Terhune, whose gifted wife, better known to the outside world as "Marion Harland," has doubtless been enabled to draw from the peaceful scenes surrounding her home many of the gems of thought and description which adorn her works. The grounds adjoining Dr. Terhune's mansion possess an additional interest too as having been the scene of revolutionary encampments. The saplings bent by the troops to form a sort of fence or boundary line have grown up in uncouth fantastic shapes to attract the observation of the modern visitor, while the plough-share has torn from its hiding-place in the garden a cavalry sabre, bearing the mark of the crown on the blade and the letters "V. BEN, (supposed to designate Fifth British Engineers,) 647," and the initials "E. L." (probably those of its possessor) on the hilt. Upon a neighboring mountain may also still be seen the fire places used by the troops, and the graves of the mutineers who were executed by order of General Howe. (See Appendix B.) An interesting and readable narration of a visit to this spot has been published by "Marion Harland," under the title of "A Straw Ride," in one of the "Sunnybank" papers.

A short distance beyond Sunnybank, the lake is crossed by a bridge, and one sees on an opposite knoll the old Schuyler Mansion, originally the property of one of the two oldest settlers of this region. (See Appendix C.) Could those two brave and adventurous men come forth to-day and see the Pompton, to which they came as strangers so long ago, now brought within an hour and a half of New York ; could they see the growing population of 1500, the churches and schools, and scores of summer visitors, and better still, the prospects of a rapid development, would it not reconcile them to the recollection of the perils and privations they endured ?

The educational and social facilities of Pompton are of a superior order, there being a fine seminary for young ladies under the conduct of an estimable lady, Mrs. Logan, the relict of a gentleman once high in the British Consular service, and its population embracing some of the most cultivated and aristocratic families, such as the Ryersons, Blauvelts and Terhunes, to be found in the State.

In short, whether viewing the natural claims of Pompton as an eligible spot for a "Home on the Midland," or considering its artificial attractions, it must be conceded that no more charming or desirable spot for that purpose can be found along the entire line.

About half a mile beyond Pompton Depot we pass the crossing of the Montclair Railway, (already in operation from Newark to Ringwood, a village in the Wynockie Valley) and still another mile and a quarter further on reach

BLOOMINGDALE,

(36¼ miles; 1 hour and 48 minutes. 5 trains each way daily.)

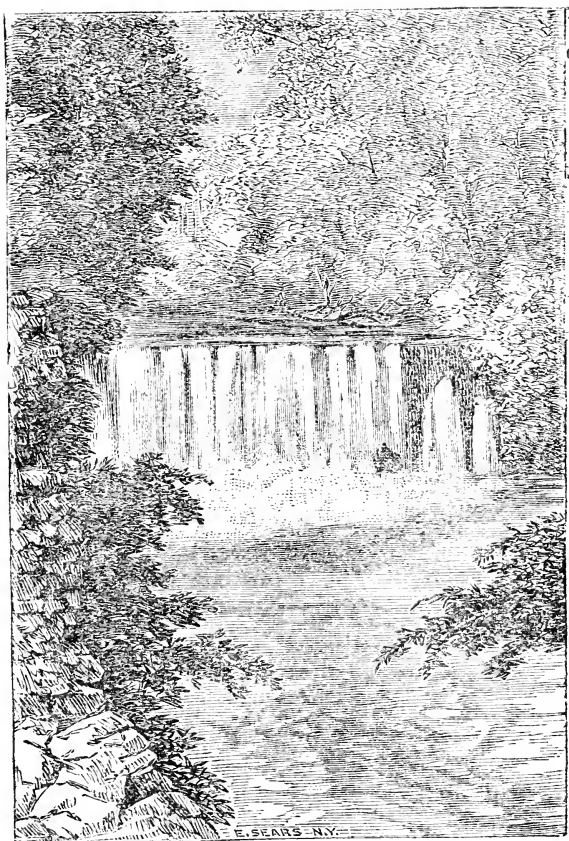
Nestling lovingly at the base of the hills which we have already seen in the distance from the summit of Colfax Mountain. Here the rapid Pequannock finds at last an outlet from its long descent, and flows forth into the meadow land, eager to join its waters with its sister stream, the Wynockie. The early history of Bloomingdale is contemporaneous with that of Pompton, with which it may in fact be classed as a part of the original Pequannock tract purchased in 1695, (see Appendix C,) and here to-day dwells an honored citizen and true hearted gentleman, Martin John Ryerson, Esq., a lineal descendant of George Ryerson, one of the eight original purchasers, and whose family has been since that time to a great extent identified with the political, industrial and social progress of the community.

Bloomingdale, which lies upon the river bank, has a population of about five hundred, two churches, an academy, two hotels, a post office, and several stores, and, with the coming of the railroad, gives promise of increased business growth. Land varies in value from two hundred to seven hundred dollars per acre.

WEST BLOOMINGDALE,

(37½ miles; 1 hour and 50 minutes. 3 trains each way daily.)

Is in reality but another connecting point for the village last previously mentioned, and is the point also at which two of the daily trains from the city find their terminus, the company having established switches and a turn-table here. The Newbrough Hard Rubber Works, engaged principally in the manufacture of dental rubber, form the prominent business feature of West Bloomingdale. It may be stated that at this



RECLUSE FALLS, PEQUANNOCK^{or} RIVER.

point the Pequannock, with a fall of eighty feet, furnishes an immense water power, and invites the attention of enterprising manufacturers or capitalists.

SMITH'S MILLS,

(39 miles ; 1 hour and 58 minutes. 3 trains each way daily.)

Is as yet a mere station, with three or four houses, a store and a grist mill about it. There is a post office here, however, a fact which indicates a considerable population scattered through the adjacent hilly region. Land is rated at not over one hundred and as low as fifty dollars per acre.

CHARLOTTEBURGH.

(43 miles, 1 h. 54 min. 4 trains each way daily.)

A glance from the station at the surrounding country conveys to the traveler arriving at Charlotteburgh very little idea as to where or what that goodly place is. But a ride or walk of about three-eighths or half a mile to the southward along a good road commanding several fine views, in which the Pequannock, falling over a rocky bed, forms a prominent feature, brings one to the centre of a village charmingly located among the hills, boasting a good store, school, and post office, and giving many indications of future rapid growth and development. This is Charlotteburgh, or Schlottenburg, as it is customarily called by the folk of the adjacent region ; and it has a respectable little history of its own, dating back prior to the revolutionary days. It appears that over a century ago a company occupied these parts and established iron works under a patent from King George, naming the place in honor of his wife Queen Charlotte. During the revolution a detachment of the British troops were quartered here, and under their protection the furnace was in operation making horse-shoes and

cannon balls for the invading army. Out of regard for the Hessians, who, it may thence be inferred, were quartered hereabout, the name of the village appears to have been modified to Schlottenburg, which title, as before stated, has been retained in use by many to the present time. But by-and-by the Americans came and the British left, and then the works fell into dis-use, until revived in 1839 by Messrs. Wetmore & Co., who in turn in 1840 sold them to one De Camp, by whom they were operated until 1866. In 1871 the present enterprising owners erected a building for the manufacture of specialties in hardware. Notwithstanding the destruction of the works a short time after their completion, the company at once set to work and erected a much larger and finer building than the first had been, and are now employing a large force, with the intention of soon largely increasing it by the removal hither of their two other factories, now located in New York and Brooklyn respectively. The works are warmed by steam, and lit by gas throughout, and in their internal arrangement and conduct show everywhere a gratifying system and foresight. The water power, furnished by the Pequannock, is almost unlimited in capacity, though the company have only about seventy-five horse-power of it in use. Upon the grounds adjoining the works the visitor may still see the ruins of the old fashioned machinery used by the former possessors, and in the store attached to the establishment is exhibited a bar of pig iron made at Charlotteburgh, its inscription tells us, some time during the last century.

A busy little hive of industry is this which we find among these wild New Jersey hills. The employes of the works inhabit neat cottages along the principal street, and the Company will shortly build more for their accommodation. Upon a commanding site near the depot the Company are

BIDDLE MANF'G CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Hardware Specialties

AND

PLUMBERS' TRAPS.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES.

78 Chambers Street,

NEW YORK.

WORKS at CHARLOTTEBURGH, NEW JERSEY.

Blacksmithing & Forging in all its Branches.

putting up a new residence for their superintendent, and there are several other buildings in progress of erection. The impression received by a stranger visiting Charlotteburgh at the present time is that of a village waking as from a dream, and putting forth evidences of renewed life and vigor. The natural attractions of the locality as a place of residence are unexcelled, there being several beautiful sites for private residences, and a picturesque lake, where boating and fishing can be agreeably indulged in.

The Charlotteburgh Iron Mines, which also form a feature of interest and importance here, are exceedingly productive, and are worked by a force of about fifty men under a contract with the Bethlehem (Pa.) Iron Works. (See Appendix D.)

The present population of the village is probably not over three or four hundred, but its prosperous and growing industries indicate unmistakably its rapid growth to a place of five times that number. Capital and labor, working harmoniously, can accomplish wonders, and they mean to transform Charlotteburgh before many years into a miniature American Birmingham.

Still following the line of the tortuous Pequannock, we reach, a mile and a half further on,

NEWFOUNDLAND,

(44½ miles, 2 hours. 4 trains each way daily.)

A point famous among tourists and summer travelers, not only on account of its excellent hotel, kept by that prince of landlords, J. P. Brown, Esq., but also as being the nearest connecting point by stage for that charming mountain resort, Greenwood Lake. The village itself, snugly ensconced among the hills, has a population of about three hundred, a church, two stores, and regular mail facilities. The hotel

BROWN'S HOTEL,

NEWFOUNDLAND, N. J.

This favorite and well known house having been enlarged and refitted, now offers FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR EIGHTY GUESTS.

SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR SUMMER BOARDERS.

An Excellent Livery Stable is attached to the Hotel.

For information as to terms, etc., address the Proprietor,

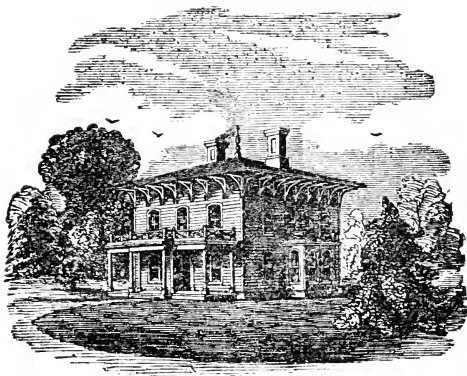
JOHN P. BROWN,
Newfoundland, N. J.

before spoken of is, however, its main attraction, accommodating eighty guests, and being visited annually by a select circle of patrons, including some of the best people of New York, Trenton, Paterson, and other neighboring cities. The railway company also intend to erect here a large building for use as a meal station for the accommodation of passengers. Land is sold here at from \$200 to \$500 per acre.

A ride of nine miles by stage, which leaves the depot on the arrival of the morning mail train from New York, brings the traveler to

GREENWOOD LAKE,

a picturesque sheet of water seven or eight miles long and about half a mile wide, lying partly in New York State and partly in New Jersey. The Montclair Railway, when completed, will carry passengers directly to the Lake; for the present the journey thither is, at all events, an agreeable one, there being some glorious mountain scenery along the stage road, with a pleasant surprise on arrival at the lakes in the discovery of a little steamboat, the "Pioneer," waiting with steam up, ready to start for the hotel landing and places further up. This brave little craft, which was constructed in New York and brought up overland, seems strangely out of



Design for a Cottage.

To Cost \$4,000. Furnished by Geo. E. Woodward, Architect, 191 Broadway, New York.

place here among the woods and solitude, and yet gives a grateful re-assurance of proximity to the comforts and conveniences of civilization. There are three hotels at Greenwood Lake, each of them doing a large summer business.

GREEN POND.

Lying three miles south of Newfoundland, very near the top of the mountain which bears its name, is another beautiful sheet of pure, clear water, about three miles long, and 1,044 feet above the level of the sea. As at Greenwood Lake an abundance of bass, pickerel, and perch generally reward the angler in its waters, and in proper season plenty of game can be found on the mountains around it. There is a hotel near the lake, accommodating about thirty people. Close at hand, at the east foot of Copperas Mountain, is a vein of iron ore very largely mixed with iron pyrites, which is known as the Copperas Mine, and which, during the war of 1812-14,

was worked for the purpose of making copperas and red paint.

Among the same range of hills, about three miles north-west of Newfoundland, lies Macopin Pond, well known to many for its beauty of location and surroundings, and now that it is comparatively easy of access, destined to become a favorite resort for sportsmen and pleasure seekers.

OAK HILL,

(46½ miles, 2 h. 5 min. 2 trains each way daily.)

Is as yet a small settlement, with a population of about two hundred, and one church. It is delightfully situated at the intersection of the Longwood and Pequannock valleys, and offers to the intending settler some very attractive building sites at from \$150 to \$300 per acre. Beyond the station the track, leaves Morris county, again and finally crosses the Pequannock, and enters Sussex county, in which

STOCKHOLM

is the first stopping place, or would be but for the fact that the company have decided upon the establishment of a station midway between it and the next one to the westward, bestowing upon the new one the title of the latter, Snufftown, and abolishing altogether the humble namesake of the Scandinavian capital.

By this time it is to be presumed that the careful reader has, so far as Midland Railway travel is concerned, got to be, to use a pardonable bit of slang, "up to snuff;" if not, he is, at all events, up to

SNUFFTOWN,

(49¼ miles, 2 h. 10 min. 4 trains each way daily.)

Which he will find to be a considerable village, with two churches, as many hotels, four stores, a post office, and a

tannery (no political significance intended), and a population of about three hundred. Land sells for \$200 per acre. There are some rich veins of iron ore in the vicinity, and along the Pequannock River at this point there are fine water privileges to be had, with a fall of fifty feet in every three hundred yards. And now by a gradual ascent, having left the wild valley of the Pequannock, we gain the summit of the Hamburg range, and commence to descend again toward the fertile valley of the Walkill. At first there is little or nothing in the view to attract the observer's attention, but it may be that this fact the better prepares him to enjoy by contrast the scene of wondrous beauty which he is soon to contemplate. For, as the train emerges suddenly from the gap in the mountain top (the only opening, by the way, for sixty miles through which the passage of a railway is practicable), and turning skirts the mountain side at a heightened speed as if eager to reach the fairer lands at its base, a vision of rare beauty breaks upon the eye. Nearly four hundred feet below lies, mapped out into fields and orchards and groves and homesteads, and stretching away north and south as far as the eye can reach, the valley through which the Walkill River finds its way to an outlet to the mighty Hudson. Looking over the intervening wilderness of tree tops, the eye first rests upon the village of Franklin directly across the valley, with its silvery mill pond, its cluster of dwellings, its huge furnace; then, following up the line of the valley to the right, loses itself in the blue hills which skirt the northern horizon; then, glancing to the left, can trace the circuitous route by which the railway accomplishes the passage of the valley, and returning skirts the opposite side. Franklin, when first seen on emerging from the gap, is not more than two miles distant in a direct line. But it is on a level three hundred and fifty feet lower than the train,

and between the two there appears a great gulf fixed. But here engineering skill comes to the rescue, and in less than ten minutes time the traveler, surprised and delighted, finds himself, after a circuit of five miles, down one hillside, across the intervening space, and then back again in a direction parallel to but exactly opposite that by which he descended, safely transported to the spot which a few moments before he had seemed to look down upon from mid air. And then combining with this the wild grandeur of the mountain scenery, the grim solitude at Snake's Den, the long cuttings through solid granite which occur at intervals along the eastern slope, and, sweeter than all, the smiling, peaceful landscape below, with its soft carpeting of variegated green, dotted here and there with snow-white cottages and red barns—one involuntarily exclaims with delight at a panorama so extended and beautiful.

At the foot of the long descent the train stops at

OGDENSBURGH,

(56¼ miles, 2 h. 45 min. 3 trains each way daily.)

A sprightly and growing village, with a population of about five hundred, a large well conducted school, four stores, and two organized religious societies, one of which proposes to erect a church edifice during the coming spring. While the adjacent county is considered a fine farming and dairy region, it is more especially to its mineral wealth that Ogdensburgh must, and in fact does, look for its future growth. 'The locality calls to mind the scriptural words, "a land whose stones are iron, and from whose hills thou may'st dig brass." A hundred years ago, Lord Sterling discovered here and opened the famous zinc mines, which have proved practically inexhaustible (see Appendix E).

Two miles southward are also the Ogden Iron Mines, now

worked by three companies, employing in all one hundred and fifty men, and shipping away an hundred tons of ore daily (see Appendix F). This ore, prior to the opening of the Midland, had to be shipped by rail to Lake Hopatcong, and thence via canal to New York.

From Ogdensburgh, a branch of the New Jersey Midland Railway is now in process of construction, by way of Sparta and Newton to the Delaware Gap, there to connect with a direct line via Harrisburg to the southwest. The judgment evinced in the construction of this branch, not solely as a direct route for travel, but more especially as tapping the Cumberland, Lehigh Valley and Pottsville coal regions, and affording thence an easy outlet not only to New York, but via Pine Bush and the projected Hudson River Bridge at Poughkeepsie to Boston and New England, cannot be too highly commended.

And now, we cross the valley by an embankment, which, strange to say, Nature, as if anticipating the need, has thrown up with all the skill and precision of an accomplished Engineer. The value of this singular formation at this point can be best estimated when it is stated that otherwise an additional circuit of five miles to get across the valley, or an expenditure of half a million dollars would have been the engineer's alternative. Not over three hundred and fifty feet of filling were required to render it a vast earthen bridge extending from mountain to mountain. Two large culverts, supported by admirable masonry work, afford a passage beneath it for the turnpike and the river respectively, while from its summit, as we are hurried across, can be had charming views up and down the valley, the latter including the distant village of Sparta, with its white church tower peeping from among the trees. Now, with a shriek and roar, back we go up the valley again, and two minutes more bring us to

FRANKLIN,

(58½ miles ; 2 hours and 40 minutes. 4 trains each way daily.)

known perhaps more generally as Franklin Furnace. In its location and surroundings the village itself is decidedly picturesque, and the passenger looking from the car window is treated to a view which the hand of nature and that of man have combined to render striking. Looking upward and directly across the valley, he can trace here and there among the dense foliage, the line of embankment over which he has just passed ; below, his eye rests upon the placid bosom of a lake ; nearer still a well traveled roadway, crossing the Wal-kill by an old fashioned bridge, and the village tavern beyond ; up to the left, Mine Hill, with its gaping cavities opened by the zinc miners, and on its crest the neat row of brick cottages occupied by them. But, a grand centerpiece to the picture, and directly in the foreground, stands the Furnace, an immense structure sixty seven feet high, lined inside with layers severally of fire-brick, red brick, clay and sheet iron, and ranking in dimensions and completeness with the largest of its kind in the country. Adjoining it are the stock house, where ore, coal, etc. are kept, and the tower eighty feet high by which the proper elevation for dropping the ore into the furnace is obtained. The machinery used in connection with the Furnace includes 2 blast engines, a working beam, weighing 48,000 pounds, 4 fly wheels, each 28 feet in diameter, a steam cylinder with 9 foot stroke, a blast cylinder 7 feet in diameter, 4 blast ovens, and as many boilers, each 70 feet long, and 40 inches in diameter. The Company are working iron mines both here (see appendix G) and at Pochuck Mountain, and employ an hundred men.

The Mine Hill zinc mines (see appendix E) also employ a considerable force here.

At this point connection is made with the Sussex R. R., for Newton, Branchville and Waterloo. The population of Franklin, which is growing quite rapidly, numbers about one thousand. There are a church, a hotel and two stores, and land sells at from \$500 to \$1000 per acre.

Beyond Franklin, we pass through a heavy limestone cutting, and then following the line of the Walkill, (which indeed runs generally parallel to the road as far as Unionville) obtain another glorious view of the valley, and of the Pochuck and Hamburg ranges on either side. Admiring the entrancing spectacle, we are suddenly aroused by the whistle and bell to a consciousness of approach to the next station.

HAMBURGH.

(61½ miles ; 2 hours and 59 minutes. 3 trains each way daily.)

A quite important village, with seven hundred inhabitants, four churches, as many stores, three hotels and a post office, and situated in a fine rolling country, offering many desirable building sites. Land is quoted here from one to five hundred dollars per acre.

A large amount of lime was formerly made in this vicinity from the crystalline limestone quarried on the Edsall farm. It went to Paterson, Newark, and other towns, and brought a high price, being esteemed for its whiteness and for its adaptation to the finer kinds of work.

Four and a half miles rapid journeying through a cultivated section, embracing numerous farms and pasture grounds brings us to

DECKERTOWN,

(66 miles ; 3 hours. 4 trains each way daily.)

claimed by its residents to be the richest and most flourishing town in Sussex County, and the most important station

on the Midland between Paterson and Middletown. Originally settled by Hollanders, who in search of minerals left the Hudson at Esopus, now Kingston, and followed up the line of the Walkill, the adjacent country soon became famous on account of its fertility and comparative facility of access, and the infant colony gradually grew and prospered.

Peter Decker, a man of enterprise and energy, and for many years a magistrate, built the first house in Deckertown in 1734. He was followed shortly after by two others named Winfield and Cortracht, who also built, and thereafter immigration into the valley continued. The settlers suffered terribly from the Indians, the relations between the two races being vastly different here from those friendly ones which appear to have existed between the Dutch and the aborigines in the Passaic and Bergen Counties region. But notwithstanding this drawback, Deckertown has always held its place as a prominent center in Sussex, and now after a century of feeble progress, has suddenly awakened to the discovery that in the coming of the Midland, comes a certainty of exchanging the gait of the tortoise for that of the hare.

The population to-day numbers about a thousand. There are three churches, as many hotels, a bank, (The Farmer's National) a weekly paper (the *Sussex Co., Independent*) a good school, and many flourishing organizations, including Lodges of the Masonic, Odd Fellows, Good Templars and United American Mechanics orders. The village is especially picturesque in its location, and contains several charming residences, including those of John Loomis, Esq., Vice-President of the New Jersey Midland R. R., and of Gen'l Judson Kilpatrick, who, moreover claims this as his birthplace.

Stock breeding is followed here to a considerable extent, Goldsmith Maid and Mystic being among the representatives of Deckertown on the American turf, and the milk trade is

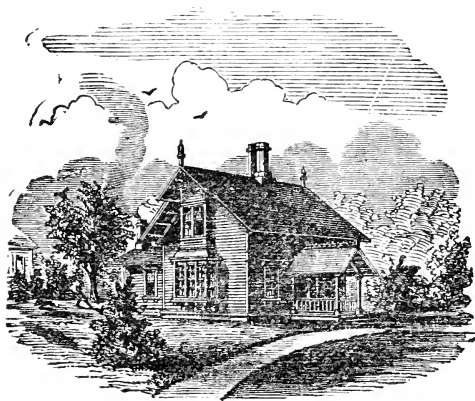
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also considerable, one hundred cans being shipped to New York daily.

QUARRYVILLE,

(70 miles ; 3 hours and 9 minutes. 3 trains each way daily.)

The last station at which we stop before crossing the State Line, is a small hamlet, which, however, promises to become an important point, on account of the valuable Blue Stone formation found here. A quarry is in active operation under the auspices of the Midland Blue Stone Company (see advertisement), of which John F. Kilgour, Esq., the largest dealer in Blue Stone in America, is the Manager, and heavy shipments are daily made hence to supply the active and increasing demand in the growing cities of Paterson, Hackensack and Middletown, and in the neighboring Metropolis.



Design for a Cottage.

To Cost \$2,500. Furnished by Geo. E. Woodward, Architect, 191 Broadway, New York.

And now, crossing the State Line, we enter the fertile farm lands of Orange County, famed for their dairy products

the world over, and see on all sides pleasing evidences of agricultural wealth and prosperity. Every meadow is under cultivation, and every slope is crowned with its comfortable farm house, embowered amid the foliage, and surrounded by its barns and granaries and sheds, painted in most cases, a brilliant red. The softness of the scene contrasts gratefully in memory with the plain rugged features of the iron and zinc hills which we have so lately traversed. And yet, each in turn has won our attentive interest, as rewarding man's labor, and contributing its full share to the support and improvement of his race. But the pleasant fields and groves and stretches of landscape which now begin more frequently to meet the traveler's eye, are a welcome assurance of his approach to the considerable village of

UNIONVILLE.

(73½ miles; 3 hours and 15 minutes. 4 trains each way daily.)

The road as originally constructed from this point to Middletown, was a portion of what was known as the Middletown, Unionville and Water Gap R.R., having for its ultimate objective point the village of Columbia, Pa., situated directly in the Delaware Water Gap, and was, after its completion, operated as a branch road by the Erie Railway Company, until incorporated as a link in the great through line of the Midland Railway. The village itself, which is nearly on the line dividing New York from New Jersey,* is said to have derived its name from a dispute which arose in 1740 on the question of boundary lines, the two colonies each claiming several miles of territory, the ownership to which had been left ambiguous in the original patent given in 1664, by the Duke of York, afterwards King James II, to Lord Berkley

* Half a mile distant from Unionville stands a house, half of which is in one State, the remaining half in the other.

and Sir Geo. Carteret. After a serious engagement between the contestants, the matter was finally settled in 1757, by the respective governments, who divided about equally the disputed territory.

Unionville presents a thrifty appearance to the traveler, and justly so, for it possesses many citizens of intelligence and energy, and with its improved means of access to the Metropolis is rapidly growing. Its population is about six hundred, and its religious and educational facilities are unusually good, there being three churches, an academy, a district school, and a superior boarding school—the Oak Hill Seminary—under the direction of S. S. Hartwell, Esq., a graduate of Yale.

WEST TOWN,

(76¼ miles ; 3 hours and 21 minutes. 4 trains each way daily.)

On Rutgers Kill, is the centre of a great butter and milk producing region, and derives its name from being the most westerly, as it is also the oldest, settlement in the township of Minnisink. It has about two hundred inhabitants, two churches, a hotel, and district and select schools. There is also a creamery here, and about fifty cans are daily shipped to New York. Land sells for about \$125 per acre.

JOHNSON'S

(79½ miles ; 3 hours and 28 minutes. 4 trains each way daily.)

Is principally a milk station, from which about sixty cans are shipped daily. The country about, however, offers fine opportunities for city people who want to come out and show what they know about farming. No need to "go west," with so many acres of fertile land waiting to be tilled here at the city's doors.

SLATE HILL

(8¼ miles; 3 hour and 38 minutes. 3 trains each way daily.)

Has about an hundred and fifty inhabitants, and, like all of us in our infancy, depends principally upon the lacteal fluid for its existence, the daily shipment averaging an hundred and ten cans. The village contains a church and two schools, and is, moreover, important as the connecting point for the neighboring village of Ridgebury.

A ride of a little less than six miles further, through a region teeming with agricultural wealth and beauty, brings the traveler to the largest town on the line west of Paterson, the embryo and rapidly growing city of

MIDDLETOWN,

(87½ miles; 3 hours and 50 minutes. 4 trains each way daily.)

A thriving inland town, or almost city, situated in the very heart of the rich dairy region of Orange County, possessing a population of about eight thousand, and notable as evincing in the character of its public buildings and dwellings, the laying out of its thoroughfares, the extent of its traffic and manufactures, and the push and enterprise of its people in all their undertakings, a simple explanation of its steady growth and progress within the last ten years toward a rank among the chief cities of the State. Indeed, one approaching Middletown from the east, and viewing the long rows of brick stores and dwellings, the solid, compact clusters of handsome edifices, the numerous factory chimneys, the stately spires here and there towering heavenward, the well graded streets, paved sidewalks, and gas-lamps, would imagine himself in the outskirts of one of the large cities of the country. A charming spot is this for the New Yorker who, having passed the hurry and bustle of life, can afford to

Midland Blue Stone Company,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BLUE STONE!

Have constantly on hand a general variety of

Stone-Flagging, Curbing, Gutter, Cop-
ing, Sills, Lintels, Steps, Bridging-
Rock, &c., &c.

ALSO,

FINE-AXED SILLS, LINTELS AND WATER-TABLE,

And a general assortment of Stone of all dimensions.

General Offices,	-	Middletown, N. Y.
General Receiving Yard,	-	Westbrookville, N. Y.
Branch Receiving Yard,	-	Ellenville, N. Y.
Branch Receiving Yard,	-	Quarryville, N. J.
General Transfer & Shipping Yard,		Summittville, N. Y.

The principal quarries are located at and around Westbrookville, on the Del. and Hudson Canal, and at Sandburgh, and between Deckertown and Unionville, on the N. Y. and Oswego Midland R. R., from which quarries are developed stone superior to any yet offered in the market by competing dealers. It will readily be seen that the Company have unequaled facilities for shipping stone both by Rail and Water to all parts of the United States.

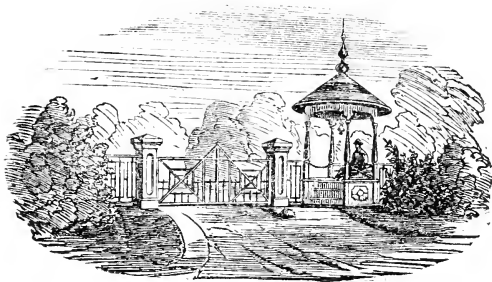
For further information regarding prices, &c., communicate with

MIDLAND BLUE STONE CO., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

J. F. KILGOUR, General Manager,		Middletown, N. Y.
J. S. FREER, President,	-	Ellenville, N. Y.
W. J. GROOT, Sec. and Treas.,	-	Middletown, N. Y.

devote only an hour or two daily to business, and reserve the remainder for the cultivation of his mind amid the beauties and comforts of a rural home. Such an one will find in Middletown every attraction, every convenience. Churches of all denominations are here ; the public schools are conducted with a liberality equal to that of the Metropolis, the private schools are excellent and select ; there are a public lyceum, with a reading room and a well stocked library, an opera house, seating nearly one thousand, three public halls, four hotels, four newspapers, as many banks, police and fire departments, water works, gas works—in short, all the conveniences one finds in New York, with the addition of an unusually pure and healthful atmosphere, and facilities for procuring the best of fruit, meats, vegetables, and all the other necessities of life at moderate prices.

No wonder, then, that Middletown, offering such inducements to strangers, has been and still is growing rapidly. Already in the outskirts of the town are to be found some of the most complete villa residences in the country. Conspicuous among these is that of Judge Low, situated on High Street, a wide handsome thoroughfare extending along the high ground in the northwesterly part of the town, and about midway between the Midland and Erie Railway depots. The grounds about the house are not only tastefully laid out in the most approved style of park and landscape gardening, but are adorned with a rare collection of fruits and flowers. The stables and out-houses are commodious, complete, and well calculated for the keeping of poultry and stock. The residence itself commands, even from its lower floor, a superb view, not only of the town, but of the country for a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles around it. To the east one sees the majestic Highlands, and the great gap through which, below Newburgh, the Hudson



Design for an Entrance.

TREES, SHRUBS, FLOWERS.



EAST SIDE NURSERY

(COR. GRAHAM AVE. AND TYLER ST.,)

PATERSON, N. J.

ARTHUR GRAHAM,

The well known Landscape Gardener and Nursery Man, cor. Graham Avenue and Tyler Street, Paterson, N. J., would say to his friends and patrons on the line of the Midland Railway, that he has on hand and for sale a nice collection of Fruit, Shade, and Ornamental Trees. Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Shrubberty, and hardy bedding Plants, which he offers for sale at the *lowest market price*. His stock is well selected, well rooted, pruned, and cared for; it will give satisfaction. Trees, shipped to any point on the Midland Road. The time for Fall Planting will soon be on. All in want of such articles as above mentioned should come and see, before purchasing elsewhere. Address

ARTHUR GRAHAM,

Cor. Graham Ave. and Tyler Street,

Paterson, N. J.

passes on to the sea ; to the south are the fertile plains of Orange County dotted with hamlets and farm houses, while, grander than all, looms up in the west, a picture of rural beauty, the cultivated slope of the Shawangunk, mapped out into a mosaic of grain fields, and forming a fitting setting for the sea of emerald which it encloses.

The neighboring residences of Gen. Van Wyck and Judge Wilkin may also be mentioned as an adornment to this portion of Middletown. But not to her private dwellings alone does this thrifty little city point the visitor. Some of the churches or manufactories will well repay a visit and inspection ; and there is much to see and admire in the beautiful "Hillside Cemetery," covering a tract of fifty acres in the southwest part of the town. Upon a hill adjoining it, a substantial and imposing edifice, the Homœopathic Insane Asylum, is shortly to be erected.

The Midland, entering Middletown from the south, describes a long curve to the westward, traverses the northern part of the town, and lands passengers at two depots, namely, at Main and at High street. The travel between this point and Ulster County by the Midland is very large, and to accommodate this a line of horse cars to convey passengers to the Midland from the Erie Railway depot is proposed. For the present a line of omnibuses runs in connection with all arriving and departing trains.

From Middletown a branch road extends to the village of Pine Bush, a distance of about thirteen miles. But a more important projected connection is that shortly to be constructed between the coal fields of Pennsylvania and the New England States, passing directly through Middletown, and crossing the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie. The traffic by this line is destined to give an increased impetus to the growth of this promising railroad center.

Land in Middletown, of course, varies in price according to its location, and it is therefore impossible to give accurate quotations. It may, however, be said that building lots on well graded, paved, lit, and watered streets, can be had at from \$450 to \$1,000; and unimproved property on high ground, within the corporation limits, at an average price of \$1,000 per acre.

Leaving this populous and attractive town, the road follows a northwesterly course, and by a gradually ascending grade approaches the Shawangunk, the first great range of mountains which, and to all appearance effectually, bar its further progress. But here, too, man's skill and energy have proved, as we shall see, triumphant, and the parallel lines of glistening steel may be followed on through the fertile fields, the rocky cuts, the dense wilds, and mountain fastnesses, until they bring us safely and easily to the level of the now distant valley of the Neversink beyond. The first stopping-place,

FAIR OAKS,

(91 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles; 4 hours. 3 trains each way daily.)

Is merely a milk station, although boasting post office and hotel accommodations. Another mile and a quarter, during which we cross the great bridge over the Shawangunk Kill, consisting of two spans two hundred and sixty feet long, and at an elevation of seventy-five feet above the water, brings us to

PURDY'S,

(93 miles; 4 hours and 4 minutes. 3 trains each way daily.)

Which derives its name from the proprietor of the nearest residence, and from which about twenty cans of milk are shipped daily. Land is estimated here at about \$100 per acre. Of

LOCKWOOD'S

(94½ miles ; 4 hours and 9 minutes. 3 trains each way daily.)

Little can be said, other than that, like Purdy's, it is the outlet for a not inconsiderable milk trade. Just beyond it the line leaves Orange and enters Sullivan County, in which the first station is

WINTERTON'S,

(95½ miles ; 4 hours and 13 minutes. 3 trains each way daily.)

Lying at the base of the mountain, whose fertile, cultivated slopes loom up now directly before us. There is a store and a post office here, and good land can be bought at \$100 per acre.

The view which meets the eye between this point and the mouth of the tunnel is beautiful beyond description. Directly ahead the long range of hillside, rising here and there in bolder peaks, bathed in soft haze, stretches away to the northward, while below the beautifully diversified valley, with its streams, its hamlets, and its meadow-lands, lies extended like a map at the beholder's feet. The eye from this point can wander over an area of twenty miles, including a glimpse of Sam's Point, a mountain on which is an Ice Cave, where through the sultriest summer days the temperature is insufficient to melt the ice which the winter has left there. In natural loveliness of scenery many will agree that this portion of the line is not to be surpassed. But the grandeur and variety of the view, its wondrous extent and detail, have scarcely been understood and appreciated before the whistle sounds our approach to the entrance of the great Shawangunk tunnel, at which point is the station where passengers for

BLOOMINGBURG

(97¼ miles ; 4 hours and 17 minutes. 4 trains each way daily.)

Alight, the village itself being located on the Shawangunk

Kill about a mile to the north-east, and having three hundred inhabitants, three churches, three hotels, and a school. Land may be bought in Bloomingburg at prices varying from \$75 to \$200 per acre.

Now on again, and in another moment we are rushing through subterranean darkness, amid a deafening racket and roar resounding from the rocky ribs of the passage way, which years of toil and hundreds of thousands of dollars have combined to open through the summit of the ridge. We are now two hundred and twenty feet above the level of the depot at Middletown, and yet how easily the ascent has been accomplished. The tunnel itself is nearly four thousand feet long, running north-west through the mountain through a stratum of blue slate at first, but toward its western end penetrating a very hard gray sandstone, to remove which nitro-glycerine and diamond-pointed drills worked by compressed air were alone effectual. Eager to regain the daylight the traveler doubtless finds even the brief moments of passage through the tunnel wearisome, but does he reflect how many weary hours and days and months were passed in its dark, cheerless depths by the workmen who risked health and even life to accomplish its completion? (See p. 89.)

But if the view from the eastern slope of the Shawangunk was beautiful, what words can describe the glory of the scene which greets the eye, as emerging from the bowels of the earth, the traveler sees stretching out before him the peaceful vale of Neversink? The road here takes a sudden turn to the right (or the north), and one should, in order to obtain the best view, have a seat on the left hand side of the car. And what a view! (See p. 91.) A valley nearly two hundred feet below, traversed by the glistening Bashur Kill, and walled in on its opposite side, not more than two miles distant, by the Neversink mountain, beneath the shadows of which

J. P. DOREMUS,
LANDSCAPE AND PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER,

AND DEALER IN

Oil Paintings, Chromos, Stereoscopes,

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Mr. Doremus has, in connection with his business, extensive facilities for photographing views of scenery, villa residences, and other property, at any point on the line of the Midland Railway.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

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INCLUDING THOSE OF

PASSAIC FALLS, POMPTON, BLOOMINGDALE,

AND

ALL OTHER ATTRACTIVE POINTS.



WESTERN ENTRANCE TO SHAWANGUNK TUNNEL.

nestles here and there a picturesque hamlet ; directly below and extending up and down the valley, parallel to the mountain, which we are about to descend, is the Delaware and Hudson Canal, a watery thoroughfare teeming with activity, and, before the coming of the railroad, forming one of the great avenues of trade and travel through the adjacent region ; and in the center of the charming scene, looking, for all the world, in the distance, with its regularly laid out streets, its neat houses and churches, and its abundant shade trees, like one of the toy villages which gave us so much pleasure in childhood, is

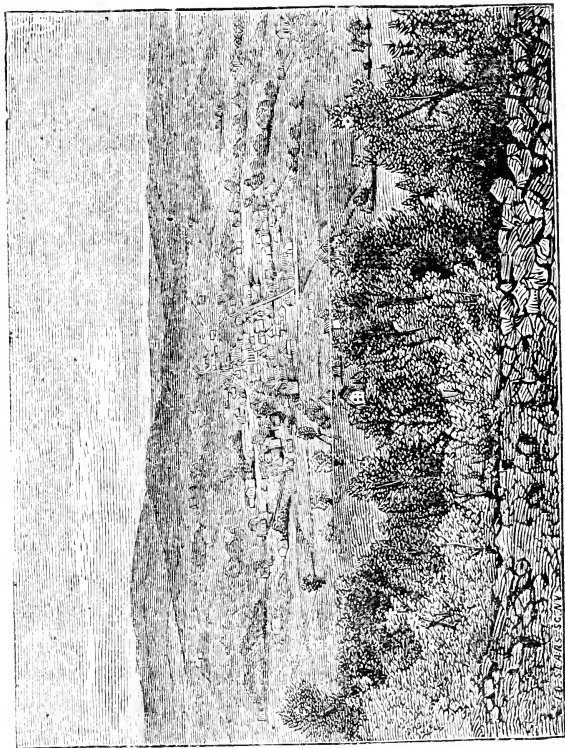
WURTSBORO.

(99½ miles ; 4 hours and 27 minutes. 2 trains each way daily.)

The passenger for Wurtsboro' alights at the western end of the tunnel, where, at what is called "The Horseshoe," a station is erected, and whence a stage ride of a mile and a half down the mountain brings him to his destination. The village, which was originally called Rome, but subsequently was re-named in honor of the President of the Canal Company, has a population of about seven hundred, with four hotels, a school, three churches, and several stores. Land sells here at from \$100 to \$200 per acre.

As a resort for sportsmen the country about Wurtsboro is famous, the mountain abounding in fur, flesh, and fowl, while the streams are numerous and well supplied with trout. It is said that there are eight private trout ponds in this immediate vicinity.

From Wurtsboro station, rapidly descending the mountain side for a distance of three and a half miles, we reach at length the level of the valley and come to a stand still on the bank of the canal at



* VIEW OF WURTSBORO FROM WESTERN END OF SHAWANGUNK TUNNEL.

* This and the other cuts of scenery are engraved from photographs taken by Doremus of Paterson. (See p. 88.)

SUMMITVILLE,

(103 miles ; 4 hours and 37 minutes, 2 trains each way daily)

The junction point of the Ellensburg branch with the main line, which latter crosses the canal by a bridge one hundred and ten feet long, and stretches thence straight across the valley, passing through the villages of Sandburgh, Centerville, Fallsburgh (the connecting point for Monticello), and Hurley to Liberty Falls on the Mongaup River, which has there a fall of twenty feet. This is the present terminus of the eastern end of the line ; the western end is already in operation to Sidney, the point at which the line crosses the Susquehanna River and the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. The intervening gap of about seventy-five miles will be completed and in running order, it is expected, in time to admit of the passage of through trains by, if not before, the spring of 1873.

The Neversink tunnel between Centerville and Fallsburgh, just west of the bridge crossing the river of the same name, is one-eighth of a mile, and the Hawks' Mountain Tunnel in Delaware County about one quarter of a mile in length. The mere mention of these, and the previous reference to the Shawangunk tunnel, will convey to the reader some appreciation of the engineering skill which has overcome so many natural obstacles and in so comparatively short a time.

Summitville, though a small village, is a spunky and enterprising one, its people having offered to contribute \$50,000 toward the establishment of the company's shops in their midst. As a junction point it is, in any event, destined to increase in size and importance. At

PHILLIPSPORT

(105 miles ; 4 hours and 43 minutes, 2 trains each way daily.)

Canal boat building is quite extensively carried on. The

village has a population of about five hundred, and contains a church, two schools, a hotel, and several stores. There are ten locks in the canal at this point, reducing its level in all one hundred and twenty feet.

A ride of a mile and three-quarters further along the brink of the canal, the waters of which teem with boats, giving a rare beauty and life to the scene, brings us to the little hamlet of

HOMOWACK,

(106¾ miles ; 4 hours and 48 minutes. 2 trains each way daily.)

A place noticeable, if for nothing else, for its singular title, which starting out classically ends up unceremoniously with a "wack." It is a quiet canal village, with about three hundred inhabitants, a church and two schools.

And now we are near our journey's end. Still speeding up the valley, the rugged mountain side on the right, the canal and the fertile meadows and distant hills on the left, we find ourselves in a few moments more at

ELLENVILLE,

(111 miles ; 5 hours. 2 trains each way daily.)

One of the most important villages in Ulster County, distant only thirty miles from the Hudson River at Rondout, and displaying, in all its characteristics, unmistakable evidences of a thrift and public spirit from which many larger places might well take example.

Ellenville was first settled in 1805. Eighteen years later it had but four houses, yet acquired recognition by the establishment there of a post office, its name being at the same time bestowed in honor of a Miss Ellen Snyder, a relative of one of the early settlers. The coming of the canal gave ultimately an impetus to its growth ; in 1857 it reached by incorporation the dignity of a village ; and

to-day one is surprised to find here among the mountains, shut out, until within a year or two, from all but stage or canal boat communication with the rest of the world, a miniature city of three thousand inhabitants, its streets lit, its sidewalks everywhere paved, its streets named and well graded, and its stores, hotels, and public buildings upon a scale equal to those of a place of twenty thousand people ; and, finding all this, involuntarily asks himself what must be the future progress of a town which, unaided by railroad communication has done so much for itself. Here one finds a good fire department, two first class hotels, six churches, two public and several private schools, a National Bank, two weekly papers, and a Masonic Hall, which in size and elegance of architecture would be an ornament to any city. The village is supplied with water from a reservoir built on the adjacent mountain side at an expense of \$35,000, and a gas company is being organized, with a probability of being in operation during the present winter (1872-3). The industries of the place are numerous and important, including the Ellenville Glass Works (250 hands), the Knife Works (50 hands), a foundry and machine shop, a pottery, and a large tannery. The Canal Company's collectors' and superintendents' offices are also located here, the canal traversing the eastern end of the village and being spanned by several handsome bridges. Stages run daily to Kingston (whither it is ultimately intended to prolongate the Midland branch) and to Grahamsville. The social features of Ellenville are not among the least of its attractions, its population numbering many wealthy and cultivated families, whose grounds and residences, tastefully laid out and adorned, meet the eye at intervals here and there. The adjacent country embraces some delightful drives and some fine scenery, and near the pretty village of Napanoch, two miles north, are the "Honk"

MERCHANTS' HOTEL,

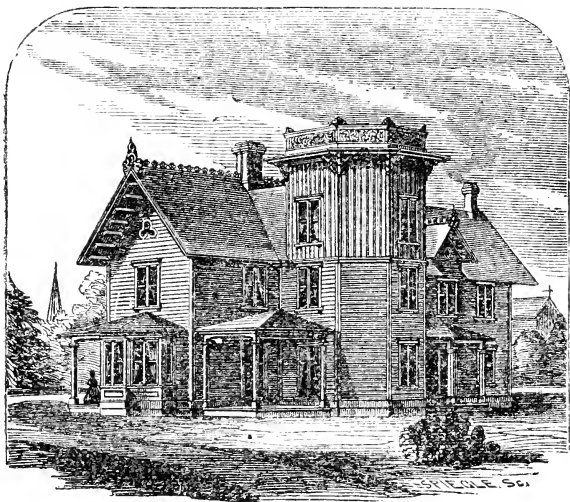
35, 37, 39 & 41 Cortlandt Street,

NEW YORK.

WILLIAM G. SCHENCK.

Falls, combining the most unromantic of names with the most romantic natural beauties.

Amid such charming scenes, then, as these, reader, terminates the journey which together, in imagination, we have made since leaving the crowded Metropolis; and looking back through the vista of peaceful vales, giddy heights, leafy shades, and grassy slopes, whether where the Walkill winds its quiet way, the Pequannock babbles noisily down the wild hill-sides, or the beautiful Passaic glides downward to the sea, does not memory present a picture worth preserving? Nor only this—to be more practical—have there not come with the picture certain misgivings as to the advisability of living any longer in town while there are so many lovely homes to be had out here almost for the asking? These towns and villages that we have seen and admired, are each and all of them, more or less, the homes of New York business men. Why not add one more to the number of some one of them? Buy yourself a piece of land according to



Design for a Cottage.

To cost \$8,000. Furnished by Geo. E. Woodward, Architect, 191 Broadway, New York.

the size of your purse or your inclination. Pay for it partly in cash, and give a mortgage for the remainder. This done, you will find it easy to negotiate on similar terms for the construction of a residence. Be it ever so humble, you will find, when you come to occupy it as your own, that there is no place like it. Then see that your garden is in order, raise your own vegetables, keep poultry (they more than pay for themselves), by and by a cow and perhaps a horse and buggy, rise and retire early, regulate your outlay by your income, do all you can to oblige your neighbors, and then, Providence giving you continued health and strength to labor, it won't be many years before you will be a rich and happy man, and bless the day you concluded to buy yourself a "Home on the Midland."

APPENDIX A.

“Mrs. Sarah Cumming, consort of the Rev. Hooper Cumming of Newark, was a daughter of the late Mr. John Emmons, of Portland in the district of Maine. She was a lady of an amiable disposition, a well cultivated mind, distinguished intelligence and most exemplary piety; and she was much endeared to a large circle of respectable friends and connections. She had been married about two months, and was blessed with a flattering prospect of no common share of temporal felicity and usefulness in the sphere which Providence had assigned her; but oh, how uncertain is the continuance of every earthly joy.

“On Saturday, the 20th of June, 1812, Mr. Cumming rode with his wife to Paterson in order to supply, by presbyterial appointment, a destitute congregation in that place on the following day. On Monday morning he went with his beloved companion to show her the Falls of Passaic and the surrounding beautiful wild scenery, little expecting the solemn event which was to ensue.

“Having ascended the flight of stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Cumming walked over the solid ledge to the vicinity of the cataract, charmed with the wonderful prospects, and making various remarks upon the stupendous works of nature around them. At length they took their station on the brow of the solid rock which overhangs the basin six or eight rods from the falling water, where thousands have stood before, and where there is a fine view of most of the sublime curiosities of the place. When they had enjoyed the luxury of the scene for a considerable time Mr. Cumming said: ‘My dear, I believe it is time for us to set our face homeward.’ and at the same moment turned around in order to lead the way. He instantly heard the voice of distress, looked back and his wife was gone.

“Mrs. Cumming had complained of a dizziness early in the morning, and as her eyes had been for sometime fixed upon the uncommon objects before her, when she moved with the view to retrace her steps it is probable she was seized with the same malady, tottered, and in a moment fell a distance of seventy-four feet into the frightful gulf. Mr. Cumming’s sensations on the distressing occasion may in some measure be conceived, but they cannot be described. He was on the borders of distraction, and scarcely knowing what he did would have plunged into the abyss, had it not been kindly ordered in Providence that a young man should be near, who instantly flew to him like a guardian angel and held him from a step which his reason at the time could not have prevented. This young man led him from the precipice and conducted him to the ground below the stairs. Mr. Cumming forced himself out of the hands of his protector and ran with violence in order to leap into

the fatal flood. His young friend however caught him once more and held him till reason had resumed her throne. He then left him to call the neighbouring people to the place. Immediate search was made and diligently continued through the day for the body of Mrs. Cumming; but to no purpose. On the following morning her mortal part was found in a depth of forty-two feet and the same day was conveyed to Newark."—*Alden's Collections*.

APPENDIX B.

In the winter of 1780-81 some of the Jersey troops were stationed part of the time at Pompton. After the successful mutiny of the Pennsylvania line at Morristown, a part of the Jersey brigade, composed chiefly of foreigners, revolted on the night of the 20th of January, and demanded the same indulgence as that given to the Pennsylvania line. On receiving the information, Washington dispatched a body of troops under General Howe to bring them to unconditional submission. Thatcher, who accompanied the detachment, thus relates the circumstances:

"Marched on the 27th at one o'clock a. m., eight miles, which brought us in view of the huts of the insurgent soldiers by dawn of day. Here we halted for an hour to make necessary preparations. Some of our officers suffered much anxiety lest the soldiers would not prove faithful on this trying occasion. Orders were given to load their arms—it was obeyed with alacrity, and indications were given that they were to be relied on. Being paraded in a line, General Howe harangued them, representing the heinousness of the crime of mutiny, and the absolute necessity of military subordination, adding that the mutineers must be brought to an unconditional submission, no temporizing, no listening to terms of compromise while in a state of resistance. Two field pieces were ordered to be placed in view of the insurgents, and the troops were directed to surround the huts on all sides. General Howe next ordered his aid-de-camp to command the mutineers to appear on dress parade in front of their huts unarmed in five minutes; observing them to hesitate, a second message was sent, and they instantly obeyed the command, and paraded in a line without arms, being in number between two and three hundred. Finding themselves closely encircled and unable to resist they quietly submitted to the fate which awaited them. General Howe ordered that three of the ringleaders should be selected as victims for condign punishment. These unfortunate culprits were tried on the spot, Colonel Sprout being president of the court martial, standing on the snow, and they were sentenced to be immediately shot. Twelve of the most guilty mutineers were next selected to be their executioners. This was a most painful task; being themselves guilty they were greatly distressed with the duty imposed on them, and

when ordered to load some of them shed tears. The wretched victims overwhelmed by the terrors of death had neither time nor power to implore the mercy and forgiveness of their God, and such was their agonizing condition that no heart could refrain from emotions of sympathy and compassion. The first that suffered was a sergeant and an old offender; he was led a few yards distant and placed upon his knees; six of the executioners at the signal given by an officer, fired, three aiming at the head, and three at the breast, the other six reserving their fire in order to dispatch the victim should the first fire fail; it so happened in this instance, the remaining six then fired, and life was instantly extinguished. The second criminal was by the fire sent into eternity in an instant. The third, being less criminal, by the recommendation of his officers, to his unspeakable joy, received a pardon. This tragical scene produced a dreadful shock, and a salutary effect on the minds of the guilty soldiers. Never were men more completely humbled and penitent; tears of sorrow and of joy rushed from their eyes; each one appeared to congratulate himself that his forfeited life had been spared. The execution being finished, General Howe ordered the former officers to take their stations, and resume their respective commands; he then, in a very pathetic and affecting manner, addressed the whole line by platoons, endeavoring to impress their minds with a sense of the enormity of their crime, and the dreadful consequences that might have resulted. He then commanded them to ask pardon of their officers, and promise to devote themselves to the faithful discharge of their duty as soldiers in future."—*Barber's New Jersey Hist. Collections.*

APPENDIX C.

The following interesting historical data have been obtained from an article in manuscript, written by a reverend gentleman residing in this vicinity, and entitled "The Early History of Pompton and its descendants.

"But few traditions are left respecting the Indians formerly occupying this valley; they belonged to the great and powerful tribe of the Minsi, who held their council seat at Minisink on the Delaware, The particular branch of the tribe residing here were doubtless what were called the Pomptons, so named from the river, and which is said to mean, 'crooked mouthed,'—(in respect to these Indian names we would notice in passing, that Pequannock signifies 'Dark river' and Ramapo 'Round pond.') The Indians here, were, it is said in the early days of the settlement, numerous; so that some of the white inhabitants learned their language, and occasionally, when they met, would use it in conversation with each other. Tradition says they had a few acres of planting land near the Schuyler basin, and also that there was an Indian

orchard at Pequannock, near the residence of Squire Ryerson, and some of the large trees still standing there may be of their planting.

"This valley was on one of their traveling routes from the sea shore to the West, as there was a path called the Minisink path, running probably through what is called the Notch, crossing the Passaic in the vicinity of the Little Falls, and running along by the foot of the hills on the eastern side of this valley to Pompton, and from there probably following up the Pequannock toward the Delaware. The first purchases of land, of which any record has been found, were made in 1695. In that year Major Anthony Brockholst, Captain Arent Schuyler, Samuel Bayard, George Reyersa (Ryerson), John Meit (Mead), Samuel Berrie, David Manderville and Hendrick Manderville mutually agreed with one another to purchase of the proprietors of East Jersey 5,500 acres of land at Pequannock in what was then in the county of Essex, and on the east side of the Pequannock river, what is now improperly called the Pompton river (the Indians claimed the whole valley,) and in order to make good the title from the proprietors it was necessary to purchase first the Indian right. This was effected on the 6th of June, 1695, by Arent Schuyler in behalf of his associates for 250 pounds, or a certain quantity of wampum and other goods and merchandise of that value. The Indians were unwilling to sell the limited quantity of 5,500 acres, but sold all the tract lying between the Passaic on the south, Pompton on the north, and between the foot of the hills on the east and on the west, the deed from them described by the following bounds: beginning at the mouth of a small creek in the Indian language called Sinkack, which said creek is a branch that falls into Pequannock Creek, (meaning in all probability at that point, the Passaic,) and lies opposite to the great hill, called by the Indians Meetonagkas, extending from the said mouth of Sinkack Creek northward along the said small creek as far, until it meets with the Indian path that goes toward Pompton, called the Minisink path, and so along said path towards Pompton Creek (now called Ramapo river,) and thence running again northward along the East side of said creek, taking in a stroke (or strip) of land on said east side till it meets with the falls in the Indian language called "Aناugh," and from said falls westward, comprehending all the lowland to the hills, called by the Indians "Hackackkonk," and then southward along the foot of said hills to the great hill by the Indians called "Simpeeck," and from said hill Simpeeck (probably the highest mountain on the west border of the plain commonly called the mine mountain) eastward to Pequannock Creek, till it comes to the first station called the mouth of Sinkack Creek before mentioned, as more plainly appear by a Map or Card made by the description of the said natives, annexed to said deed.

"Such is the description of the large tract conveyed by the Red to the White man.

“It may not be uninteresting to notice the names of these children of the forest (where names have been recorded) on the formal parchment, and be assured you will recognize in them no familiar sounds, or ones easy with correctness to be uttered. Tapgan, Ovagnap, Manmin, Wickwam, Rookham, Pauken, Sickaak, Wawciagin, Onageponck, Neskeglawitt, all of Pequannock and Pompton, and Jarapagh, Sachim, of Minisink, for themselves, and as being empowered by Payweem, the wife of Great Claes and Keshogkamak, some of them doubtless great names in their day, and among their compeers, but whose deeds, of which these plains may have been the scene in a former age, are unrecorded and unsung, and whose memorial is the simple record of their name and title. But we pass on to notice further, the acquisition of land in this valley, by the white man, the Indian title having been fairly extinguished.

“Anthony Brockholst and Arent Schuyler on behalf of themselves and associates obtained a patent from the proprietors on the 11th of November, 1695, for 5,500 acres on the east side of the Pequannock river; this 5,500 on the east side of the river was divided into three patents. The party of five concerned in the first and third patents possessed 2,000 acres, which thus came to them in the division, and for this they paid to the proprietors of East Jersey 200 pounds. After this general division, it is probable the respective parties divided in an equitable manner the tracts between them personally for farms, some of which it is evident have remained in their families through succeeding generations down to the present time. It is evident that about this time, probably in the Spring of 1696 or '97, (as in March, 1698, they are said to have been residents of East Jersey). Anthony Brockholst and Arent Schuyler settled in this valley on the east side of the river, just below the iron works, near to each other; Brockholst on the spot where Mayor Wm. W. Colfax now resides, and Schuyler, as near as can be ascertained, on the site of the residence of Doctor Wm. Colfax. Col. Nicholas Bayard was a merchant of New York, and was the father of Samuel Bayard, who is first spoken of as having some interest in the purchase of lands in this valley, but none of the family, that we have heard of, ever resided in this region of country. Brockholst and Schuyler were in all probability the pioneers in the settlement of this region, and the first to open what was then a wilderness, unless it may have been Jost Beam, the progenitor of the family of that name in this region, who had previous to this time settled at Wynockie. He must have been one of the first settlers in the valley, as his descendants relate that he came from Germany, and settled among the Indians when there was not another white family for miles around.

“Who first explored the country is not now certainly known, but probably Arent Schuyler, as it was by him personally that the bargain for the lands was made with the Indians.

"Acquackanock was settled about the year 1680, Fairfield (as it was then called "Horseneck,") probably a few years after, and next Pompton. The settlers might approach in that direction, and by the Indian path before spoken of.

"The settlement on the east side of the river was made some years before any on the west side, as there is no indication of any one living on the west side, or on the Plains until some years subsequent."

APPENDIX D.

CHARLOTTENBURG MINES, in Rockaway Township, Morris County, on the south side of Pequannock River, and opposite Charlottenburg Forge. The old mine is on the low point of land between Timber Brook and the forge pond. It was opened slightly in a number of places many years ago. The attraction is very extensive, being about one hundred feet wide, and, in the direction of the strike, several hundred feet long. The ore on the surface of the old workings is rusted, and has the appearance of an ore containing sulphur. The mine has been worked to some extent since it was visited in 1867.

Near the same place, on the side hill at the left of the road to Split Rock, openings have been made for ore, and a considerable quantity has been taken out. The attraction, however, is not very strong. (p. 596, *Cook's Geology of N. J.*, 1868.)

APPENDIX E.

Ores of zinc in workable quantities have been found at two localities in New Jersey, and at both these extensive mining operations are carried on. One is at Stirling Hill, near Ogdensburgh, in Sparta Township, Sussex County, and the other on Mine Hill, at Franklin Furnace, Hardiston Township, Sussex County.

* * * * *

The Stirling Hill Mine has its outcrop on Stirling Hill, at a height of one hundred feet above the valley of the Walkill. It is uncovered and explored from its north-east extremity in a direction south-south-east, for eleven hundred feet; thence west north-west about three hundred feet, and then curves and runs north north-east four hundred and seventy-five feet, when it pitches beneath the surface. The breadth of the vein is from four or five feet in the narrowest part to fifteen or twenty in the widest part. It is owned by three different companies.

* * * * *

The largest portion of mineral matter in the vein is a variety of calcite, in which the carbonate of lime is replaced by carbonate of

manganese. The amount of the latter mineral in the gangue rock or vein stone is variable.

Disseminated through this rock are the minerals which contain the zinc. The most important of these minerals are franklinite, red oxide of zinc and willemite.

The Mine Hill zinc vein has its outcrop on the north-western brow, and extends in a south south-west direction from the Ham-burgh road to the south-western end of the hill, near the Walkill. Here it turns off at an acute angle, and runs in an east north-east direction for nearly six hundred feet.

The ore consists mainly of the same materials as that of Stirling Hill. In color it is usually much darker and duller; the limestone is not so white and pure in appearance; the franklinite is not usually so perfect in crystalline form; it is more magnetic, softer, more reddish in its powder, and dissolves easier in acid.

The zinc mines of Sussex County are supplying, perhaps, twenty-five thousand tons of ore a year, which is manufactured into white oxide and spelter, yielding seven thousand tons of the oxide, and five hundred tons of metallic zinc. The whole product of the United States is of white oxide ten thousand tons, and of spelter two thousand three hundred tons. This whole business has grown up within a few years, and already we produce more white oxide than is equal to the consumption of the country. (pp. 669-74. — *Idem.*)

APPENDIX F.

OGDEN MINES, in Sparta Township, Sussex County, about two miles south-east of Ogdensburg. The first of these mines was opened in 1772, and it has been worked at intervals ever since; though, on account of the fluctuations in the iron trade, and its remoteness from market, not with the vigor that its magnitude would have warranted. The ore formed the chief supply of Hope-well Forge. The vein of ore, judged by openings on it, and by examination with the miner's compass, extends from the swamp a half mile northeast of the old Ogden mine, south-easterly for at least two miles; and very strong attraction was observed, and dig-gings were being made for ore on the land of J. L. Riker, which is fully two miles further in the same range.

Dr. Kitchell said that the ore in the Ogden Mine "is of variable quality, some being entirely free from foreign substances, while with a large proportion of it may be found the constituent minerals of the gneiss, and in some cases iron pyrites in small quantities." (pp. 631-2. — *Idem.*)

APPENDIX G.

FRANKLIN MINES, in Hardyston Township, Sussex County, near Franklin Furnace. There are two distinct veins of iron ore here—one in gneiss, which can be traced across the hill south-west of the furnace, and one very near the furnace, and across the Walkill, and then along the side of Mine Hill, parallel to the zinc vein, and only forty or fifty feet from it, quite to the Hamburg Road. The north-west end of it has been found too narrow to be worth mining. On the hill south of the furnace there are several places where ore has been raised in quantities. The ore is hard, firm and quite rich.

* * * * *

The other vein is in the white limestone. Its principal exploration has been in an old mine on the northeast bank of the Walkill, opposite Franklin Furnace; but it has been opened during the past summer (1868) directly under the furnace, and also in two or more places on the hill, further south-west. From the mine on the bank of the Walkill it runs south-west, nearly parallel with the ore in the gneiss, and but a few feet from it.

* * * * *

The vein in the old mine was from three to eight feet thick, and in the opening under the furnace, was thicker still, though the walls were not uncovered at the time the mine was visited. (pp. 658-9.—*Idem.*)

APPENDIX H.

On the 17th of August, 1720, John and William Van Voor Haze, yoemen, of the County of Bergen, bought of John Barberie, Peter Fanconieve and Andrew Tresnear, merchants of N. Y. City, 550 acres lying at Wikehoff, in the precinct of Saddle River (Wikehoff, as spelt on this deed, is an Indian name). On this tract the church of Wyckoff stands.

* * * * *

A few extracts from his (William Van Voor Haze's) will, may not be devoid of interest, as one of the oldest wills preserved:

"I give and bequeath unto my eldest son, Jacobus Van Voorhees, the big bybel, for his first birthright, as being my heir atlaw, and I will that my youngest date, which I have by myn dear beloved wife, which is named Myrtie Van Voor Haze, dat she shale have for her poorshon the sum of £19."

* * * * *

The date of the Ponds Church has been placed at 1710; but no record now exists to substantiate it. Tradition says that such records were in existence, but have been lost. The first church was a log structure, and stood a little north of the present burying ground. Whether there was any regular organization or not we

are not prepared to prove. Placing the date at 1710, this church is the oldest in the northern part of the state, above Passaic, where the church was organized in 1694, and older than any in Orange or Rockland Counties of New York, except Tappan. The founder and first pastor was the Rev. Guillian Bertholf.

* * * * *

His successor was the Rev. Johannes Van Driessen, who came Sept. 10, 1735. * * * When he came the old log church was almost gone to decay. The country was settling up, and the people were now able to erect a better temple. This was done—a small church was built near the steel works, at the junction of the Pequannock and Pompton, on lands now owned by John M. Ryerson, near a ford, to accommodate the people from the Ponds.

* * * This movement did not give satisfaction to the people living around the Ponds, and on the side towards Wyckoff. Steps were soon taken to erect a new church, near the present residence of Adam Boyd, Esq., on land now occupied as a graveyard.

* * * * *

During the summer of 1780, part of the American army lay at the Ramapo Valley. Defences were constructed on the mountain, in case of a surprise, and between these and the point of the mountain, along the sides of the road, the trees were cut partially off, so, if threatened with an attack, they could be felled in a moment, to block up the way. Washington at this time had his headquarters at the house now known as the Bockee property, then owned by a Bogert. Wanney, a slave of Bogert's, who lived for sixty years after, said that he had often seen the General at prayer in the wood—he secretly followed him to note the cause of his retirement. During the war perhaps no part of the country suffered so little as the quiet Valley of the Ponds.—*Extracts from "A Historical Discourse of the Churches of Ponds and Wyckoff," delivered December 25, 1868, by W. B. Van Benschoten, Pastor of the Church of Wyckoff, N. Y.*

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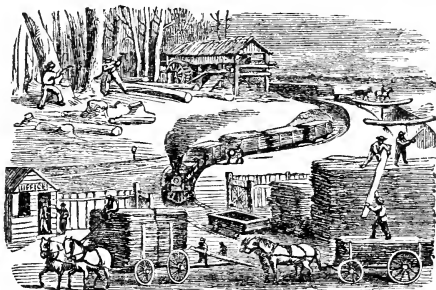
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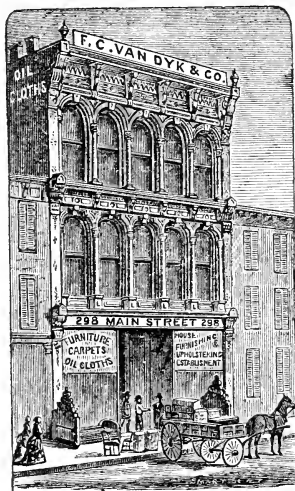
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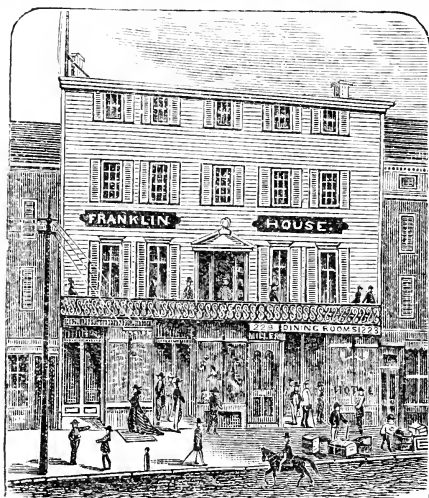
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